THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume LI. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1901. Number 32.

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400 Edwards

Content.

CONTENT to come, content to go,
Content to wrestle or to race,
Content to know or not to know,
Each in his place.

Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so
That glad of heart and glad of face
At last we may sit high or low,
Each in his place.

Where pleasures flow as rivers flow,
And loss has left no barren trace,
And all that are, are perfect so,
Each in his place.

—*Christina Rosetti.*

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"No," was the answer, deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ."

"I beg you pardon," said the young man, "I thought you were a minister of the gospel."

"So I am," was the reply:

"How is it that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?"

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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 8, 1901.

Search Thy Heart.

"Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak:
Be thou the true man thou dost seek."

The devotional services in the First Presbyterian church of Chicago are unique. Especially so as to the prayer, which is divided into several portions separated from each other by hymns and passages of Scripture. First, there is thanksgiving, then confession, and then intercession. We should have to see that sort of a service practiced, have part in it, before we could express an opinion as to its desirability. There is, however, a custom in some churches which seems to us an excellent one. It is that of reading first on Old Testament Scripture lesson; having then a hymn, or preferably something appropriate by the choir, and then following this by a New Testament reading. For one thing, it emphasizes the value of each and links them together. This thought came with force to the mind of the present writer a few Sundays ago, when in attendance at Sunday morning service in the First Presbyterian church of Oakland, when Dr. Baker, the pastor, said impressively, "Thus endeth the Old Testament lesson," and then later, "Thus endeth the New Testament lesson."

The sentiment in favor of paid Sunday-school superintendents, who will devote their entire time to the work, is increasing. The First Congregational church of Oakland has decided, and we believe wisely, too, to have such a superintendent for its school. A salary sufficient to command a well-trained man will be paid. Unquestionably, great good will result from the Sunday-school work thus directed. Not long ago one who was in charge of a church near Chicago several years ago visited his old field, and was told that he was especially remembered in the community because of the chalk-talks which he had given to the young, and that the strength of that church today lay very largely in those persons who were reached by such effort and turned toward righteousness. The hope of the Church is with the young. And we need men and women trained for Christian work among them and for them just as much as we need trained teachers for their proper instruction in the public schools. The teaching pastor as well as the preaching pastor will be found in every thoroughly equipped church before very many of the years of the twentieth century pass away. He will be versed in the psychology of childhood and will be an up-to-date man in pedagogics. He will not only train his teachers so that the best work may be done during the one-half hour of each week while the pupils are under their instruction, but he will, during the week, come into close personal contact with people in their homes, and in this way be prepared all the while for the exercise of the highest influence for the upbuilding of Christian character. Fortunate the church that can have a teaching as well as a preaching pastor! Not the two in one, but the one, the ideal one, in two. Such a church will be an up-to-date church in the very best manner.

The story of a man who went to a certain fashionable church and received a cold welcome is a familiar one. When every one seemed to look askance at him as if he were an intruder, and timidly asking, "Whose church is this?" he received answer, "Jesus Christ's," he rejoined, "Oh, is he in this morning?" There may be now and then a church where all classes are not welcome, but they are less in number than some people would have us believe. Not infrequently the persons who criticise the churches because of their inhospitableness need to pull out the motes that are in their own eyes, to say nothing of the beams that are there. Only a few weeks ago our attention was called to the very hurried departure from church at the close of the service of a lady who had several times during the last year or two complained of the lack of cordiality on the part of the members of that church. Another lady, who knew of this criticism and feeling, made an effort to reach her and to speak to her; but without success, for she was off like a rocket. It is worthy of note that Walter N. Wycoff, who a few years ago turned himself into a tramp and tramped through city and country, to come into the real experience of that class of people, with the hope of shedding some light on the perplexing problem, writes that the churches never turned toward him the cold shoulder. People who are always making it easy for others to slight them are pretty sure to get slighted sometimes, even by the best intentioned. The present writer finds it necessary in his work as editor to go around to different churches—to

those of various denominations. And in these visits it has been found that there were recognition, cordiality and hearty welcome if fair opportunity were given for them. But there were no such manifestations if an attitude of reserve was taken. This is a busy world; it is full of people; all have their work and their cares, and in church circles, as well as elsewhere, he who would have friends must show himself friendly.

A Banished Queen and Madagascar

Considerable sympathy is being manifested for ex-Queen Ranavalo of Madagascar in her captivity in Algiers. The granting on the part of the French government of her request to visit Paris and the treatment accorded her while in that city have brought her, not only prominently before the public once more, but have led not a few to express the belief that the poor queen is not being dealt with in a manner worthy a great nation. Even Frenchmen have been heard to say, "It's a national shame." And it is being more than whispered about that Madagascar might be better governed—more intelligently and more economically, and put finally on a good financial basis—by the re-establishing of the queen on the throne as a vassal ruler. It is thought that such a course would lead the intelligent Hovas to devote themselves to the pacification and development of their country instead of holding themselves aloof, as at present, of becoming centers of disaffection. Poor Ranavalo! A few years ago she was the beloved ruler of a happy, progressive people. They were rapidly rising in the scale of civilization.

The queen was a Christian and was deeply interested in everything that promised for the welfare of her people. She was especially interested in the upbuilding of the Church of Christ, believing that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise both of the life that now is and of that which is to come. She was only twenty-two years old when she ascended the throne in 1883, but she directed her people in living ways, often taking occasion to counsel them personally for their highest good. Her remarks at the opening some years ago of a new school for girls show her spirit. The queen was present along with her prime minister. Just at the close of the exercises she arose, and in well-chosen words impressed upon the minds of the children "the importance of becoming, above all other things, earnest followers of Jesus Christ."

But covetous eyes were upon her dominion, and in 1895 the island passed, by conquest, under the control of France, and a little later the queen herself into banishment. Then began that course of action on the part of the French government which, as it related to the queen, has led even Frenchmen to declare that it is a national shame; and which, as it related to Madagascar, was the overturning to a great extent of those good influences which had for many years been operating in the island for the uplifting of its people. French rule opened up the way for Roman Catholicism, which, under the Jesuits, was hostile to the Protestant missionary work, which, in a few decades, had transformed the island, writing one of the grandest pages in the history of the Christian Church. There was persecution even unto death in the effort to subvert Protestantism and transplant Roman Catholicism. Many native Christians saved their Bibles only by burying them in the earth and leaving them there through four long years of waiting and suffering, until a better day dawned. Recently, the light of this better day for Madagascar has brightened considerably, and the signs are that the work of the London and other missionary societies, so splendidly established before the French conquest, can be pushed forward toward its hoped-for fruitions.

The story of Madagascar is one of the most wonderful in missionary annals. There, as of old, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church, the land being consecrated to God by the life blood poured out by men and women who would not deny their Redeemer and King. "You might as well attempt to convert sheep, oxen or asses, as to make the Malagasy Christians," said the French governor of the Isle of Bourbon early in the century. But ere many years had passed there were found there not a few worthy to be listed with the heroes of the faith whose deeds are chronicled in the eleventh chapter of the epistles to the Hebrews.

King Radama, not a Christian himself, but tolerant of the Christian religion, because he saw that the missionaries brought that which could not fail to advance his people, died in 1828, and was succeeded on the throne by one of his wives, Ranavalona, a woman of the "Bloody Mary" type, who treacherously murdered all who stood in her way to that position—among them the king's son, who was a Christian. Then dawned a dark, dark day for Christianity in Madagascar. On the day of her coronation Ranavalona held up before the people two of the national idols, and said to the idols in that presence: "From my ancestors I received you; in you I put my trust; therefore, support me." For more than a quarter of a century the battle for the re-establishment of the old religion was waged. Blood trails all along those years. Centuries before that the Apostate Julian waged a similar battle against Christianity. But the great emperor at length, mortally wounded and dying, was constrained to say, "Thou hast conquered, O Nazarene!" When in 1861 Queen Ranavalona died an era of religious liberty dawned in Madagascar. The Nazarene had conquered again, for of old it had been ordained that not even the gates of Hades should prevail against his church.

It is said that to the bedside of that dying queen were brought startling statements about mysterious fires on the hills surrounding the city in which she was dying, and it was said that strains of music seemed to come out of the ground away up along those hill sides. Some thought that these things portended evil to the queen. Others said that the fires were "the beacons of liberty," and the strains, "the first low tones of the coming song of jubilee."

We cannot recount here the joy which came to that

stricken land with a change of rulers. People crept out from the caves and dens of the earth and lived once more in God's free sunlight, singing the songs of deliverance. The Christian religion gained steadily among all classes, and when, a few years later, one known as Ranavalona II came to the throne, the ceremonies were in strange contrast with those when Ranavalona I had upheld the nation's gods in the presence of her people, and called on those gods to uphold and help her.

It is said that four hundred thousand people assembled to hear the royal proclamation on the day of the coronation in 1868. Christianity had had recognition sinse the death of Ranavalona I in 1861, but this change in rulers again opened up the way for a struggle between Christian and heathen parties. It was a glad time for the Christians and for all desiring the welfare of the nation when, as Ranavalona was advancing toward her throne, there was disclosed for the first time on the canopy above it certain words which indicated her attitude toward the religions. These words then brought into view were: "Glory to God;" "Peace on Earth;" "Good Will to Men," and "God is with us." Thirty-nine years before Ranavalona I had exalted the gods of her ancestors. Now, Ranavalona II dethrones those gods and holds up before her people the one living and true God, and mighty cheers rolled through that great assembly.

On that day of coronation two tables stood just before the throne, on one of which lay the crown; on the other a copy of the Malagasy Bible. When the crown rested on the head of the queen the Bible was held in her hand and near to her heart.

The successor to this Christian queen, who died in 1883, was Ranavalona III, her niece, and this is the ex-queen, a Christian, too, who is crying her life out as a prisoner in Algiers—Ranavalo, banished from her country, so say some, "because she was a Protestant and refused to become a Roman Catholic."

But whatever the reasons for her banishment, and whatever the future of the captive queen, the signs of promise now arising in Madagascar betoken more and more the conquest of the island for Christ. The English missionaries have gained the confidence of the French authorities finally, and all their agencies for good will, in all probability, be working soon, as of old, for the uplifting of the Malagasy.

The Ferry-boat Bars.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker of Oakland, president of the Anti-Saloon League of Northern California, acted promptly and wisely in asking the pastors of the leading churches last Sunday to call for an expression on the part of their congregations on the question of the continuance of the bars on the ferry-boats. The effort on the part of the liquor dealers resulted in a temporary countermanding of the order for their discontinuance by the Southern Pacific Company, for thirty days. The bars are accordingly in full blast as of old, and the liquor element is making most strenuous effort to keep them open after the expiration of that time. Last Sunday morning in the First Methodist, First Congregational and First Presbyterian churches of Oakland, the congregations arose almost en masse in response to the appeals to put themselves on record against this iniquitous traffic on the ferries. On one of the boats it is impossible for a man or boy to get to a lunch counter or a toilet room without coming in close contact with the wine room. It is a temptation which ought not to be allowed. The Southern Pacific is too big a corporation to be in the saloon business. It ought not to carry that which any moment might become a menace to the lives of the persons whom it contracts to transport with due regard for their safety. But it has arrayed against it, in this order intended for the public good, one of the most determined powers. The liquor power will always fight to the finish before it will give up any vantage ground. Unfortunately, the Santa Fe declined to join the Southern Pacific for the exclusion of bars from the boats, and the retaliation of the liquor dealers might result in large freight reductions for the latter. An opportunity is now afforded for the Southern Pacific to sacrifice temporary expediency for principle. Will it do it? To this end all possible encouragement should be given them by all desirous of the reign of better things.

Several weeks ago the Anti-Saloon League of Northern California, through its executive committee, made unanimous choice of the Rev. J. R. Knodell of Santa Cruz for the position of Superintendent. The call laid strong hold of Mr. Knodell, for it is evident that there is in that work a fine opportunity to do good. But after careful and prayerful consideration it was declined. Yesterday the president of the League and other members of the Executive Committee, renewed the call and pressed Mr. Knodell for a reconsideration, giving additional reason why he should accept it. From all over Northern California are coming requests for him to be sent to inaugurate campaigns against the saloon. With one so competent as superintendent large financial support could be put behind the League work and the saloons closed in many counties. Let no one conclude hastily that this second call should be declined. It is one of the most difficult questions for decision with which any minister was ever confronted. Rather let the prayers of our people go up to God that this brother may be divinely led to the right decision. And whatever that decision, then, may be, let us believe that it was according to God's will.

It is a high honor to receive the Royal Red Cross decoration. Since the order was founded about eighteen years ago by Queen Victoria, only ninety-two medals have been conferred. But Miss Abbie G. Chapin of the American Board Mission in China has been so honored because of heroic service in the International Hospital at Peking during the late siege. The Missionary Herald very appropriately and justly says: "All the missionary ladies who were in Peking rendered heroic service, but Miss Chapin's work in the International Hospital brought her into conspicuous notice of the representatives of various foreign nations."

Notes.

The Advance says of The Pacific: "One of the most delightful of our exchanges."

Arrangements are being made for the observance of September the 8th by the C. E. societies of the State as California Christian Endeavor Day.

The Chicago Journal of August 2d reports that the Rev. C. M. Sheldon has declined a call to the pastorate of the Union Park church of Chicago. Mr. Sheldon gives it as his intention to remain in Topeka.

Congregationalists as well as Presbyterians and Methodists will rejoice in that Drs. Minton and Dille have declined their calls to Philadelphia and Denver, respectively, and will remain on the Pacific Coast. The church-kingdom here needs such men.

All friends of "The Pacific" who can pay subscription in advance, will confer a favor by remitting promptly as the amounts become due, without waiting for a statement from the office. The label bearing the person's name shows to what date the subscription is paid.

Regret because of the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Dinsmore, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of San Jose, will not be confined to his own church and denomination. Dr. Dinsmore has been in the ministry nearly forty years. It is not unlikely that he will accept the pastorate of some church where the work will be less laborious than in the large and flourishing church at San Jose.

The Rev. Dr. N. A. Hyde of Indianapolis, who died July the 19th, was the Nestor of Indiana Congregationalism. There was good old Puritan blood in his veins, coming down on his mother's side from John and Priscilla Alden. He had been a resident of Indianapolis since 1858. In 1887 he retired from the regular work of the ministry, but not from the exercise of that same large influence in the city and throughout the state which had been his for many years.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd of Pacific Theological Seminary has been lecturing this week at the Assembly at Macatawa Park, Michigan, on "The Teaching of Jesus in the First Three Gospels," with subdivisions for each day as follows: "His Teaching About God"; "His Teaching About Himself"; "His Teaching About Spirits (Holy Spirit, Angels, Devil, Demons)"; "His Teaching About the Kingdom of Heaven"; "His Teaching About Man"; "His Teaching About the Gospel and the Old Testament." Each lecture was followed by an open parliament.

A letter from the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams was read at the prayer-meeting in the First church in this city last week. It told of a pleasant voyage to Honolulu. On the Sunday that Dr. and Mrs. Adams were en route three religious services were held. The Rev. C. R. Hyde, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Fort Worth, Texas, preached in the morning; Colonel French of the Salvation Army in the afternoon and Dr. Adams in the evening. These services were well attended. It is said: "One thing was manifest in the services of the day—the unity of the church of Christ at the present time. People of many denominations easily united in the services, sang the same hymns, heard the same gospel; and from no word in the sermons could any one have guessed which was the Presbyterian, which the Salvation Army man and which the Congregationalist. Among the passengers was an elder in the Dutch Reformed church from New Jersey, and he would have passed just as readily for a Congregational deacon." Concerning the approach to the Islands, Dr. Adams says: "We sighted the Hawaiian Islands early Wednesday morning, and were alongside and perhaps twenty miles distant from Molokai, the leper island. Beyond the eastern point of it we saw dimly the mountains on Maui; and right ahead, its highest peaks just visible in the distance, was Oahu, for which we were steering. It was a good illustration of the exact science of navigation, that coming 2,000 miles after passing the Farallones, without sight of land and without meeting a ship, we hit the exact point for which we had aimed. Our captain's observations had been exact. He knew where we ought to go, and while we were amusing ourselves he was directing all the different departments of the ship faithfully and scientifically. Will the Great Captain be any less exact? He knows the end from the beginning, and the great plan for our lives must be sailed out." Writing of sights and experiences after landing, he continues: "I went this morning to the government buildings where 'Old Glory' was raised not so very long ago. She still floats there, with the great statue of Kamehameha in front—two types of civilization, two kinds of government, each having its own time and place. An old Portuguese comes three times a day and worships the statue, the flag waves in the breeze and tells of a future more grand than any dead past, a future of ever-rising life and culture and opportunity for blessing. Our flag, even at this early day, stands for all that is best; it means the school and the church and the triumph of eternal principles and of right. This is a kind of expansion in which all parties believe, and a wondering world is looking on, amazed already at the success of our first efforts at extension beyond the seas. As we stood on the deck of the "Ventura," waiting for the health officer to finish his work, a gentleman standing near Doctor Adams remarked in answer to another's impatience: 'Yes, your Uncle Samuel insists on red-tape and takes more care in these matters than any other nation on earth; but he has made yellow fever a thing of the past in Cuba, and a repetition of the plague on any large scale an impossibility.'" And the conclusion is: "We should rejoice that God has made us a nation of such qualities, such as command respect. We can afford to bear any inconvenience that may prove necessary to lift up other people to the level where He has placed us. It is the newest thing in foreign missions, and we have been compelled to practice it whether we would or not." At the conclusion of the letter, which contained special messages for the church, there was hearty applause.

Alonzo Rogers.

Rev. Alonzo Rogers passed away in Whatcom, Wash., Thursday, July 25th, after an illness of over a year, following a paralytic stroke. He had been for three years previous to his sickness the beloved pastor of the Congregational Church of Whatcom.

He began his ministry in 1870, preaching to congregations in Glenwood and Dunlap, Iowa, Blair, Nebraska, Corvallis and Forest Grove, Oregon. His ministry was a happy one, for three years he was engaged as Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Iowa, but returned to the ministry in obedience to an irresistible leading. He was born April 2, 1844, in Lenawe, Mich. Was married in 1866 and was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1870. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mary. The wife is lying very low with an increasing sickness at the home in Whatcom. The family is much in need of the practical sympathy of Christian friends.

R. K. H.

Cure for Troubled Hearts.

[A sermon by Rev. George B. Hatch in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, Sunday July 28th, "Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in Me." John xiv: 1.]

The cure of a troubled heart is belief. It is the only and the sufficient cure.

This is the function and the power of belief—to cure the trouble of the heart. "Fear not; only believe." "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" These are the words of Jesus.

It is to our shame and sorrow that we do not believe. We make a mystery of life and of death, neither of which was a mystery to Jesus, neither of which would be a mystery to us if only we were as little children in our faith, instead of being wise and prudent, as we take pride in being. The reason that we do not know is that we wait upon our wisdom and our understanding to give us the knowledge that we need—the knowledge that is hidden from the wise and prudent, but is revealed to babes.

This is the reason that Jesus said, "Believe—believe in God, believe also in me." The things which most we need to know, the things which solve the mystery of life and death and thus comfort our hearts with the comfort of God, are things which wisdom and understanding are not functioned to explore. The fin of a fish is serviceable in its proper use, but it is not functioned to lift its user to those aerial heights where the eagle is at home, and the one poor fish which attempts to fly falls soon with melancholy plash back to its watery place. So, our wisdom and understanding are functioned for service within a certain sphere and right well do they serve us within that sphere; but they cannot lift us to those ethereal heights where God is met with face to face, and the attempt to find out by their use the things which most we need to know always ends in melancholy failure. But faith is functioned to do what wisdom and understanding cannot do. Faith has wings like a dove, and answers the longing beautifully spoken in those words, "O that I had wings—wings as a dove! Then would I fly away and be at rest." It is fully our privilege to know what most we need to know, but, in order to know those things, we must forget our own wisdom and lean not to our own understanding, and become as little children in our faith—for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

We need wisdom and understanding and knowledge, but also we need faith, we need to believe. We should not let belief usurp the place and function of wisdom and understanding, and neither should we let wisdom and understanding usurp the place of belief. There is no danger that we shall ascribe too little honor to wisdom and understanding. The danger is that we shall be afraid to believe, or that we shall be scornful of belief, and that we shall attempt the kingdom of heaven in some other way than the way of its true approach, namely, by becoming as little children. But if we attempt the kingdom of heaven in any other way than the way of becoming as "this little child," verily, we shall not be able to find its wide-open, hospitable gate; verily, we shall go about with troubled hearts, as so many do.

First of all, we need to believe in God. This is the first instruction of our Teacher. "Believe in God," he said.

The more familiar translation of his words in this place reads, "Ye believe in God," as stating a fact. But in the Greek both verbs seem to be imperative and not indicative, and the margin of the Revised Version is therefore correct in the reading, "Believe in God; believe also in me," that by this belief your hearts may be healed of all their trouble. So, if you should go to Jesus with your heart troubled by the mysteries of life and of death, He would say to you, "Believe." And if you should ask him in what to believe, his reply would be, "First, believe in God; also and equally, believe in me."

First, believe in God. It is a word ever needing to be spoken, and never more than now. Strange indeed is the fact, yet it is indeed a fact, that, to our shame and sorrow, we do not easily or steadily believe in God. It is partly because there are many substitutions for God, and we are prone to believe in those substitutions, instead of believing in God. But, to believe in any substitution for God will not answer our need. We must believe in GOD.

There are many substitutions for God. Mr. Huxley substituted Agnosticism in the place of God, and many have followed him in this substitution, giving up the thought that God can be known and loved, and refusing all light except from the candle carried in the hand.

Agnosticism tells you that all is impenetrably mysterious; the moment you reach the limits of the physical and the measurable, that all supposed knowledge of God is mere assumption, that religion is hysteria and summer madness.

Instead of God, Agnosticism bids you accept blankness, darkness—a little light from your own subjectivity, but after and beyond that, nothing.

I should not speak of this here, except for the fact that many intelligent Christians have fallen victims to their very intelligence, and, because they knew that belief in God was thus strongly challenged by some of the masters of the age, therefore have not dared to believe in God lest they should seem to assume too much, and have gone mourning in consequence, as with the shadow of death on them. It is a very great mistake thus to yield one's rights of faith. The scientific spirit is not the only spirit. There is also the Spirit of God. The scientific spirit is to be obeyed and illustrated in the realm of observation and measurement, and nothing is to be received as an article of knowledge within that realm save that which has been accurately ascertained by wide induction. But God does not lie within the realm of observation and experiment. The kingdom and the truth of God do not come by observation. That is not the method of their ascertainment. They are of heaven and not of earth, and come by revelation, making themselves known to the humble and the pure in heart, who are faithless but believing.

The scientific spirit has nothing to do with our believing or not believing in God. The Spirit of God is to be followed here. Here is his realm, his function; namely, to take of the things of God and show them—*show* them, mark you—to us. He, therefore, is to be trusted here, and the spirit of science is to be sent about its own business and not suffered to speak where it has no right at all to say a single word. In presence of the Spirit of God and of those things which only the Spirit of God can know and can reveal, let the spirit of science be dumb, let it not open its mouth.

I mean by this that no Christian should submit to the tyranny of the age in which he lives. He must not water his garden with sulphuric acid; he must not deny the best and rarest powers of his soul. Too many Christians have done this. They have yielded too much of their belief in God, because some of the masters of the age have stood over against them, sardonic, smiling, saying, "Are n't you ashamed to be so credulous? Look! have any of your masters believed on Him? Why, then, do you assume to know what none of us know? Be

more modest." The consequence of this yielding is that far too many Christians have put asunder what God hath joined together in holy marriage, namely, the spiritual and the natural. The Son of Man was on earth, and also he was in heaven. The little child who is the typical member of the kingdom of heaven is as wide open and responsive to the spiritual as to the natural, is as much at home with the Lord as with her parents—and verily, because so many Christians are not wise enough thus to receive the kingdom of heaven as the little child receives it—openly, naturally, simply, implicitly—therefore, they cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, but dwell only on the earth and are opposed and troubled by the seeming mysteries of life and death.

It should not be so. Let not the tyranny of the intelligence of the age compel you to receive its substitution for God. Instead, "Believe in God"—God, personal, loving, friendly, fatherly, the hearer and answerer of prayer, our refuge and our strength, who is never far from every one of us.

There are other substitutes for God. I speak now of those numerous substitutes which speak the name of God in accents of religion, but only to deny his personality and so to destroy his reality.

Talking with one of our young ladies some few years back, when these occult substitutes for religion pure and true began to appear, she said to me, in exclaiming answer to some remark, "Why, I have just been learning to think that I was a part of God, and it seemed very wonderful to me!"

This is the unfortunate and destructive idea underlying and enforced by nearly all, if not all, of those numerous varieties of organized and strongly advertised religious illusions which have seized the imagination of so many of our religious people. In one form or other, they make their victims think themselves identical with God; affirming the fascinating but fatal doctrine that God is not a Being personal and apart, but that God is composed of the sum of all—that God is all and all is God, and we the waves of existence upon His surface, the expressions and manifestations of his being in this cosmos, not separate from him or he from us, any more than the waves of the sea are separate from the sea, but he made up of us and we of him.

It is age-old Pantheism tricked out in modern costume, and is as fascinating today to the mystic and imaginative type of mind as in days gone by. It is a teaching that the popular philosophy of the hour helps to promote, and the books which set it forth in one form or another—books which are written by all sorts of folk, under the assumption of superiority in religious insight and knowledge—have a marvelous sale and circulation, are seen on the tables in numbers of our Christian homes, and read and admired by many who little realize the venom concealed within their pages, and are successful in commanding the imagination and conviction of far too many unsuspecting victims.

But, what a terrible teaching!—terrible, because it destroys God! You, a part of God? God, made up of this cosmos? God not a Person, complete in Himself, conscious of Himself, separate and apart from all that is, but, instead, only the infinite ocean of all being upon whose surface we are the wavelets lifting and falling? If this were so, there would be no God. If I am a part of God, there is no God. If God is this cosmos of earth, and sea, and sky, with the powers, the phenomena, the beings composing it, then, to whom shall we go? Who is there knows anything, can do anything? You are not in trouble now! You are comfortable and your heart is warm within you; perchance also you are spiritually drugged with this opium, and imagine that your religious dreams are real. But when trouble strikes you, as it will; when it shakes you out of your dream and makes you know that pain and sorrow and death are fearful realities, as it will—then, to whom will you go? If you are a part of God, will you look to yourself for help? Ah, you will find yourself utterly weak, broken, helpless. Will you therefore turn to me, who also am a part of God? Ah, you will need that which no voice or touch of human friend can give. Will you therefore turn to the ocean? or to the hills? or to the stars? or to the dread silence of the midnight sky? You will need far more than these can give. You will find no help in these. You will need then to follow the Psalmist who cried out, "I will look unto the hills—but from them cometh no help. From whence, then, shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord"—the Lord, *not* which *is* heaven and earth, and I a part of Him, but "which *made* heaven and earth," and is my Father and my Friend, the Angel of whose Presence saves me!

Over against all substitutions for God, of whatever sort, Jesus therefore puts his teaching, "Believe in God." No matter what authority or what fascination there may be in other teachings, "Believe in God"—believe with the simplicity (the credulity, if scornful wisdom calls it so) of a little child; and believe in GOD. In the end it will be found, as a thousand times it has been found, that there is no other cure for a troubled heart. No substitution for God and for belief in God will accomplish the task of comforting a heart that once feels the supreme mystery and sorrow of life and of death. Nothing else, however lauded, however ornamented, however pleasing to vanity or intoxicating to fancy, will give us the victory when we face those realities from which we cannot flee and against which there is no defence. "O death, where is thy sting! O death, where is thy victory!—Thanks be to GOD, which giveth us the victory!" You can get no victory from any form of Agnosticism—it gave no victory to its firmest adherents—they went mourning all their days; you can get no victory from pantheistic and theosophic occultism, no matter in what form or under what name you embrace them; when you need them they will fail—when you lean on them for help, they will break under your weight; when you call to them from the depths of trouble, they will not answer, for they cannot. "Believe—in God."

But, secondly, Jesus adds to this teaching the further, the equal teaching, "Believe also in Me." Why did he add this? If we believe in God, is it not enough? Why must we believe also in him, even as we believe in God? What has believing also in him to do with healing our troubled hearts? Let us try to answer these questions.

First, it is not enough to believe in God. It is much, but not sufficient.

Plato believed in God, I have no doubt, but it was not enough. Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, and Job believed in God, and their belief has greatly helped the world, but it was not enough. Saul of Tarsus believed in God, but it was not enough. It never is or can be enough to believe in God. "Do you think *I* do not believe in God?" asks Matthew Arnold, indignantly. "Must you tell me that God is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him, as if I were not as well aware and as well convinced of that as you?" Matthew Arnold believed in God, then; yet—yet—some of us think it was not enough. And indeed it is not enough to believe in God, for no man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared

him, and, in order to know him and to see him in whom we believe, and so to have eternal life, it is absolutely imperative to believe also in Jesus. There are those of this congregation who believe in God, but who do not believe also in Jesus. As I know their needs, I know that there belief in God is not enough.

Secondly, by believing in Jesus we shall be saved from failing to believe in God. It is because they refuse to "believe also in him" that presently they fall into Agnosticism, or drug themselves with the deadly opium of pantheism, and begin to say on the one hand, "You cannot know God," or on the other hand, "I am a part of God, I am myself a Christ." No one who believes also in Jesus can ever be guilty of such folly. The tyranny of the age—neither its intelligence nor its stupidity; neither its pride nor its folly; neither its skepticism nor its presumption—the tyranny of the age can have no power at all upon one who believes also in Jesus, with the loving and simple belief that the little child has and that all of us need to have. By believing also in Jesus as we believe in God, we shall therefore be saved from giving up our belief in God, no matter under what temptation.

Thirdly, we need to believe also in Jesus, because we need a religion that we can teach to a little child. No religion is true that cannot be received and loved by a little child. In so far as there is mystery and perplexity in the statement of religion—such mystery and perplexity as forbid any but the deeply initiated or those whose minds are trained to strength to comprehend—in so far that statement of religion is not true. If you tell me that I cannot understand your religion until I am inducted into its secrets, I answer that true religion has no secrets, no darkness, no caverns, no heights or depths beyond the loving, appreciative apprehension of a child.

If we cannot share our faith with the little ones in our cradles and in our arms and in our hearts, it is because we do not believe also in Jesus, and it shows that our religion is something short of Christian, something lacking in simplicity and in truth. It is because Jesus brings God near and makes him real, it is because they who see Jesus see the Father and are sufficed, it is because a little child in our home can love Jesus, and, in loving him, can be given from deepest heaven the choicest of God's reality and grace—it is for reasons such as these that Jesus said, "Believe also in me."

Fourthly, we need to believe also in Jesus because then we shall believe his teachings, and his teachings will comfort our hearts and open to us the darkened windows through which we may see the realities that we need to see.

If we really and implicitly believed his words we should never think or say, as I have heard many a Christian say, that life, with its experiences of mingling success and failure, joy and sadness, gifts, given for a little time and then withdrawn, is a mystery past finding out; or that death, which comes to all, and seems often to come untimely, and will not be refused, and before whose awful presence we are utterly helpless, is also a mystery, opening a gate admitting where and whither we do not know. The words of Jesus teach us better, and if we really believed his words we should know better. "Said I not unto thee that if thou believedst, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Yes, and it was when Martha and her sister did believe and said, "We know and have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God," that the stone was removed and they were comforted. And it is so with us, in respect to the mighty sayings of our Lord. He could do no mighty work in Capernaum, because of their unbelief, and it is our unbelief also which prevents us from receiving the fulness of his truth, with all its glory of light and of blessing. But when it comes to pass that we implicitly believe also in him, with the sweet and unreserved implicitness of a loving little child, then there comes to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory, and there also comes to pass those other sayings, like, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you"; "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Here, in truth, is the very center of our darkness—that we do not believe the words of our Lord; that we look elsewhere for light than to Him who is the light of the world; that we are afraid to accept His words as absolute truth, for dread of what the crowd may say. There is nothing we really need to know that He has not said. There is no experience of life but somewhere may be found some word of His which, if received into the heart, will strengthen, comfort, sustain the heart. In the uttermost extremity of the heart's suffering, when no human word, no human voice, no human touch can avail to help, He speaks, and comfort comes—comes as a dove out of opened heaven, and the heart that was breaking learns anew the songs of joy and thanksgiving that they sing who came out of the great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

These, therefore, are some of the reasons why Jesus said, "Believe also in Me." "Believe in God," for then you will be upon a solid foundation, and will not fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, "believe also in Me," for then God will be personally revealed to you in His lovingness, in His tenderness, in His truth, and then you will no longer seem to yourself to be overhung with mystery, and to walk in the midst of trouble, but will be as one who dwells in the Father's home forever, and who sits at home in the Family of God.

Here, indeed, is the cure of that trouble of the heart with which so many are oppressed. There are nostrums, there are drugs, there are glib-tongued fakirs on every sidewalk, with gaping crowds around them—this is cure!

It is to our shame and needless sorrow if we go mourning all our days, saying, "Who will show us any good? Who will unravel for us this enigma of our earthly life? Who will lift before our eyes the impenetrable curtain that hangs between us and another world?" We should be ashamed to ask, or to think, or to feel such questions; for Jesus Christ, our Lord, has done all this for us, and questions such as these only disclose the poverty of our confidence in Him, only prove that our belief in him is not a finality, but an hypothesis. If we believed—believed in God, believed also in him—all such questions would be answered, all such causes of trouble would vanish like mist before the sun, and not only should we see the stars shinging through our cypress trees, but we should see the whole heaven glowing with supernal light and lovely with the loveliness of God, and all our darkness dispelled in the eternal day.

Jesus spoke carefully when He said, "Let not your heart be troubled." It was just the word he meant. "Let not your heart be troubled." He spoke to our freedom. He indicated that the matter lay within our choice. And such is the fact. The perfect cure of trouble and sorrow is offered us. We may—we can—believe in God and believe also in Jesus, if we will.

And if our hearts continue to be troubled, it is because we let them be.

California Home Missionary Society.

(Statement from the Directors.)

The assumption of self-support by our Home Missionary Society has, naturally, brought new responsibilities. We find that the Old Constitution, under which we worked so well while dependent on the national Society, is not so perfectly adapted to an independent organization as we now are. Our present Constitution provides that in case amendments are to be made, they be proposed by the Directors two months before the annual meeting of the Society. In accordance with this provision the Board of Directors voted at its meeting, July 29, 1901, to propose the following amended Constitution. They ask its careful consideration. If questions arise concerning any of its articles, information may be sought of Rev. W. H. Cross, Saratoga, Cal.

By-laws of California Home Missionary Society.

ARTICLE I—NAME.

This organization shall be called The California Home Missionary Society, and shall be auxiliary to the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its principal place of business shall be San Francisco, California.

ART. II—OBJECT.

The object of this Society shall be to promote the organization of Congregational churches within the territory of the General Association of Congregational Churches of California; to aid needy churches in the support of their local ministry, and to do general evangelistic work.

ART. III—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1.—This Society shall consist of forty-five members, elected by ballot by the General Association of the Congregational Churches at its annual meeting. The forty-five members so elected shall be divided into three classes of fifteen persons each, who shall serve, respectively, one, two, and three years, and until their successors are elected and duly qualified. These members, as far as convenient, shall be chosen from the various district associations and in proportion to the church membership.

Sec. 2.—At each subsequent annual meeting of the General Association, fifteen persons shall be elected members of this Society by the Association, to serve for the term of three years, and until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 3.—Any vacancy in the membership of this Society shall be filled by said Association, at its next annual meeting.

Sec. 4.—Any person in whose behalf $50 shall be paid into the treasury of this Society, accompanied by a request for Life Membership, shall be a Life Member, with privilege of voting for the forty-five members designated in Sec. 1, this Article.

ART. IV—ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of this Society shall be held on the Thursday of the week of and at the place where the General Association of California convenes.

At all meetings of the Society, fifteen members, not including Life Members, shall constitute a quorum.

ART. V—ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Sec. 1.—This Society shall elect by ballot, from their own number, eleven Directors, who shall be divided into three classes and shall hold office as follows: Three Directors shall be elected at the annual meeting, held in October, 1901, who shall hold office for one year; and four shall be elected, who shall hold office for two years, and four who shall hold office for three years; and at each subsequent annual meeting of said Society, such a number shall be elected, by ballot, as shall make the entire number of eleven Directors. And they shall hold office for three years each, and until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 2.—At the first election in 1901, there shall be at least three of the eleven Directors chosen from outside the vicinity of the Bay, and at each subsequent meeting, at least one.

Sec. 3.—The Board of Directors is authorized and empowered to fill all vacancies in its own membership occurring between its annual meetings; such vacancies or vacancy to be reported by the Directors to the Society at its next annual meeting, at which annual meeting the Society shall fill the vacancies or vacancy as provided in Sec. 1 of this Article.

ART. VI—DUTIES OF DIRECTORS.

Sec. 1.—The Directors at their first meeting after the annual meeting of the Society, shall immediately organize by the election of a President, Vice-President, and Recording Secretary from their own number, and shall elect a Treasurer, Legal Adviser and Auditor who shall be, respectively, President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Legal Advisor and Auditor of the Society, and shall hold office for one year and until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 2.—The Directors shall also annually elect a Superintendent, who shall be Corresponding Secretary of the Directors and the Society. They shall determine his compensation. He shall hold office for one year and until his successor is elected and qualified.

Sec. 3.—The Board of Directors, five of whom shall constitute a quorum, shall have the power to appoint their own meetings, and form their own rules of business, which must not, however, be inconsistent with these By-Laws.

Sec. 4.—The Directors shall examine and appoint Missionary Pastors, shall fix their compensation and supervise their work; and also, when circumstances shall seem to demand, appoint General Missionaries and Evangelists, and direct them as to their labors.

Sec. 5.—The Directors shall also control and manage all the property of the Society, and, whenever they shall deem it for the best interest of the Society, may, upon a vote of a majority of the Directors, sell any real estate or personal property belonging to the Society; and, as occasion may require, may borrow money, pledging the Society's property therefor—the deeds of conveyance, notes and trust deeds to be signed by the President and Secretary of the Society, who shall fix the Society's seal to such instruments. In case, however, of temporary loans, the Directors may authorize the Treasurer to sign the required instruments for that purpose.

Sec. 6.—The Directors shall transact all the business of the Society not otherwise specially designated and assigned; shall make a report at each annual meeting of the Society of the labors of the Missionaries, and shall exhibit a particular account of the work of the year. Due notice of all meetings shall be sent to each Director.

ART. VII—MANNER OF ELECTION.

All the officers of the Society and of the Board of Directors shall be elected by ballot.

ART. VIII—DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at the meetings of the Society and of the Directors; sign all commissions for Missionaries; appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Society or Directors, all standing and special committees, except as otherwise ordered by the Society or Directors; and perform such other duties as are usually incumbent upon such officer.

ART. IX—DUTIES OF VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Vice-President shall act in the absence of the President, and in the absence or disability of both the President and the Vice-President, the Society or Directors may designate, to act pro tempore, some member who shall possess all the powers and may discharge all the duties usually incumbent upon the President or Vice-President.

ART. X—DUTIES OF RECORDING SECRETARY.

The Recording Secretary shall keep a record of the transactions of the Society and of the Board of Directors.

ART. XI—DUTIES OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall receive and hold the funds of the Society, depositing the same in such bank as may be designated by the Board of Directors; shall pay out money only on the orders of the Board of Directors, certified by the President, Secretary or Superintendent; shall make a monthly report of receipts and disbursements in detail, and an annual report to the Society of all moneys received and paid out by him as Treasurer during the year, with the certificate of the Auditor duly attached. He shall furnish bonds satisfactory to the Board of Directors.

ART. XII—DUTIES OF SUPERINTENDENT.

The Superintendent (who, as provided in Article VI, is also Corresponding Secretary) shall conduct the correspondence of the Directors and of the Society; shall issue, upon the order of the Directors, the commissions for Missionaries when duly countersigned by the President; shall devote himself to the work of securing ministers for pastorless churches; of urging the beneficiary churches to speedy self-support; of organizing churches; of preaching the Word in destitute and neglected communities and among aided churches, and of promoting systematic and enlarged contributions to the Society. He shall make monthly reports to the Directors, and shall also make, under their supervision, the annual report of the Directors to the Society, a copy of which shall each year be transmitted to the Congregational Home Missionary Society; and attend to and discharge such duties as usually devolve upon such an officer, or not otherwise provided for, and such other duties as may be designated by the Directors.

ART. XIII—COMMITTEES FOR DISTRICT ASSOCIATONS.

A Missionary Committee for each District Association shall be chosen annually by the Society. Said committees may be nominated by their respective District Associations. These committees shall, in counsel and co-operation with the Superintendent, recommend fields, missionaries and appropriations to the Board of Directors; they shall have special oversight of, and care of, the general missionary work within their respective District Associations; they shall labor to secure young men for the ministry; they shall zealously work to increase the contributions of the churches for the mission fields; they shall do all in their power to hasten the day of self-support among the beneficiary churches; and they shall use their best efforts to bring about harmonious co-operation with sister denominations.

Just go on with your daily tasks, doing the best you can in your circumstances, and wait for God's time. If you are a disciple of Christ, God is going to make something very beautiful, very noble, out of your life when his work on it is finished.—J. R. Miller.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

Something has crept into the hearts of men in recent years that seems to have dispelled much of a certain relish for other-worldliness. Men of a former day thought more, perhaps—surely talked more—about heaven than do we of this generation. I think of my good grandfather. The memory-picture of him that remains with me most clearly is this: A heavenly-minded old man, sitting by the old-fashioned fireplace in winter, or out on the vine-covered porch on hot summer evenings, his face lifted heavenward, eyes closed, as he rocked gently back and forth singing softly to himself—

"I'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home,
To die no more."

You remember that old hymn—you older people. Some of us who are in middle life remember it, too. It is not very artistic. Neither the words nor the music bear the stamp of culture; and yet, we keep it among our treasures. We make no use of it now. Somehow, we feel that it belongs to the past, but we treasure it as we do the old family heirlooms that are now in our possession, and are kept—well, we know where. Some of these little things are invested with a sort of sacredness, and we do not let everybody know about them. They smell of lavender. They belong to another generation. We have no use for them now—but we wouldn't give them up for anything." That old hymn, "I'm going home," has come down to me from my grandfather. He made use of it. I do not. But I "wouldn't give it up for anything." It is of more value than great-grandfather's snuff-box, or great-grandmother's wedding-gown, and yet is as much a thing of the past as the snuff-box and the wedding-gown.

Why? O grandfather! blessed old saint that you were, sitting like a child in the twilight of the day and in the twilight of your life, singing simply as a little child might sing—

"I'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home,
To die no more."

Why was that your hymn and not mine? Is this a sign of degeneracy? Were the men of your day better men than are the men of my day?

I think if the good man could come back to earth and stand here and talk to us about the former days and these, he would no doubt tell us that it is best that some of the religious vestments of his time be packed away among the relics of that day—among the snuff-boxes and the old wedding-gowns; for each generation must express in its own way its loyalty to the faith once delivered to the saints. My grandfather left to me the blessed legacy of a stalwart faith, and that I must keep and use, building upon it that superstructure of righteousness which shall stand in that day when every man's work shall be tried by fire. But I am to be a man of faith in and to my own generation, and so I must use the tools which my generation furnishes; I must speak in the language of my own time that I may be understood, that my work may fit the day in which it is done. No, I do not think there has been degeneracy. We do not sing, "I'm going home," as our grandparents sang it; we do not talk and preach of heaven as they used to do in the former day—we have caught a message to build up the kingdom of heaven on the earth; and so today we sing—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,"

Instead of—

"I'm going home,
I m going home,
I m going home,
To die no more."

Are we less devotional than were our forefathers? There is danger that we may be, but I do not think we are. Follow closely the devotional features of the great Christian Endeavor movement, note the testimony of the press, that is pouring out marvelously large editions of devotional books because there is a demand for them. Know what is going on in the religious world everywhere, and I do not think it can be proven that we are less devotional than were those who came before us. But there is danger that we may be. The improved machinery that has been introduced into religious work may keep us so employed in the getting up of steam, in the oiling and manipulating, that we shall think we do not need to be devotional—that all that is needed is to know how to run the machinery. Our very zeal in Christian activity, as well as absorption in secular affairs, may easily eat up the devotional spirit—that is indispensable in all generations—if we are not watchful. We have not lost the devotional spirit, but we must be careful to improve opportunities for feeding it, else it may take its flight; and then we would be like men with splendid machinery at their hands, but with no means of making it do its work.

Corona, Calif.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Pacific Grove is one of the California towns which is growing steadily. It seems to be well governed and gets along as well without saloons as we believe the ferry boats will. New streets are graded and made attractive. The salt ocean never loses its charm and the perfect water system of the P. I. Company brings the people all the clear mountain water they need at very reasonable rates. The Chautauqua has been reinforced by the Epworth League convention. What Dr. Buckley and President McClish and President Filben cannot manage in the way of programs others have little need to meddle with. A gloomy Chicago socialist in the morning and our conservative Dr. McLean on Sunday evening last kept things even. Pastor Lucas is greatly enjoying a well earned vacation and his loyal people will welcome him home heartily. It was a joyful sight to see the happy crowds on the beach and swarming on the rocks. Old Lorna Prieta and he who lifted up the beautiful and symmetrical mountains looks down complacently on scenes of lonely Tevis Castle, witnessing how death steps in sometimes to show how reckless he is of wealth's high claims. About it children speed in the sand and brawny boys tumble in the surf! Ugh! It makes one shiver to think how cold the water is. One did not always shiver in sight of cold water. What is it gets in an old parson's blood that one who dared Cape Cod dreads Monterey Bay. Both places harbor sharks.

Happy Campers.

It was good to see the Andrew P. Hill and the Sempervirens Club, with the jolly fox terrier and the happy boy start out for the Big Basin. Its wooded sides will ring with happy song. What an artistic camp-fire that will be. Lookout, Waddell and San Lorenzo trout! Schemes are making to catch you. That lassie may get snared. Better go along, mother, and see about it. The artistic Mr. Hill will bring addition to his wealth of photographs and we shall all be wishing we could have been in with the first Governor's party when the deal was settled which made us part owners of such a regal park. Is it not too late to go? I have no interest beyond other citizens, but I'm glad to tell friends who can spare two or three days that Mr. Hill will take admirable care of them for two and a half dollars a day.

Before the place gets passe, while its rustic charms are fresh and new, while one can be in a sense a pioneer, it is an easy outing for young people or families to go into the Big Basin by Felton and by Boulder. Another year I hope to tell friends of a new trail via Saratoga and the summit which will eclipse all others. But now Boulder has the key to the situation and may her enterprise be equalled by the good fortune.

A Dog Story.

Editor Ferrier writes that a great dog story is coming to me. Barkis is willing. Send along the dog. I'm sorry for vacations not enlivened by dogs. May Dan and Rex, and Max, and Keno rejoice.

The Magazines for August.

"St. Nicholas" gives evidence again of a continuation of its popularity among the boys and girls.

"The Overland" presents Santa Barbara county attractively. Charles A. Murdock contributes an able and temperate article on "Labor Organizations."

"The Review of Reviews" for August has valuable articles on "The Recent Great Railway Combine," "Our Philippine Policy," by Governor Taft; and "Cuba's Industrial Possibilities." The great steel strike is discussed.

"The World's Work" for August is a Pan-American Exposition number. Its rich illustrations show the Exposition to be a thing of beauty. The articles in connection are very valuable, showing as they do the progress of the country since 1893.

"Health Culture," published at 481 Fifth avenue, New York, is a valuable monthly devoted to practical hygiene and bodily culture. The last number contains articles on: "Hot Weather Living," "Dietetic Remedies," "Cure of Constipation," "Physical Training," etc. Its price is $1 a year.

"The Missionary Review" for August considers editorially "Some Problems of Missions on the Foreign Field." There is a second article on "The Religious Condition of the Philippines," "Christian vs. Heathen Liberality," "The Doukhobors," and "The Protestant Church of Germany and Foreign Missions," are timely and suggestive.

"The Homiletic Review" opens with an able article by General Eaton on "The Mormon Menace." The Rev. Dr. Cobern writes concerning the early intercourse between the Hebrews and other nations. Foremost among the sermons is the one by Dr. A. J. Lyman at the recent installation of the Rev. Dr. Cadman of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

The August "Century" as a mid-summer holiday number is profuse in fine illustrations. Bishop Potter gives "Impressions of India," "America's Agricultural Regeneration of Russia," is a timely contribution to current economics. "What a Train Dispatcher Does," is full of information and interest. President Harper writes hopefully on "The Alleged Luxury Among College Students."

Sunday from Vacation Point.

By Solitaire.

Sunday morning—and without a church for the first time in fifty years! The nearest house of worship is eighteen miles in one direction and twenty-four in the other; and no conveyance. The necessity for one was never greater. For weeks bathed in a sentiment of irreligion, worldliness and profanity from the surrounding multitude, now my soul did long for the house of the living God! The morning is faultless. The air is refreshingly cool. The tree-tops of a hundred hills pause in perfect stillness. The sun mounts yonder evergreen height as the strong man his chariot to run a race. The contiguous waterfall seems to be in the hush of expectancy. It is the Lord's day! I must worship and bow down!

I take my Bible in my hand and go to the adjacent forest. Come with me. It is early yet, but this temple of the Most High is never locked. How grand and spacious these isles! These majestic columns in brown and grey tower up one hundred and fifty feet, fluted and carved and ornate. The vaulting is blue, flushed and spangled with golden rays of light. As our eyes follow up these high places, they seem to be a way up to the very heavens. What ventilation is here! No closeness, no stifling, no lung depression; but sweet, grateful, stirring breezes, laden with the perfume of the pine and the fir. Surely one cannot be drowsy and unresponsive in such an atmosphere. Hush; now it is the hour of worship. In distant cities and towns the congregations are gathering in pew and choir. So our service begins. The organ is the thousand tree-tops, touched by the fingers of the wind. Listen! Hear the voluntary. That soft, distant note is swelling. Now it peals as if in rapturous joy and praise. Now it mellows into the approach of confidence, and melts into the tones of confession. Now it is receding and interceding, until, with quiet restfulness, it comes to the ear in comforting whispers of peace. Listen! Listen! Did ever lute or harp or organ touch your soul like that?

Sitting on this mossy cushion, with a carpet of green velvet, shot through and through with leaves of lighter shade, hear the responses, "I will look up unto the hills, from whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord, which made the heavens and the earth. The sea is his and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land. It is he that hath made us, and not ourselves. O come; let us worship and bow down." And we do bow down. What thanksgiving is ours in this temple of the forest! How the ungodliness and the waste of divine goodness in the masses met in the week do inspire our prayers as we implore his mercy for ourselves and the careless ones about us. Then the songs. Out of the windows of this leafy sanctuary rise, ride on ridge, the lofty hills and mountains, and we sing, "How firm a foundation." That rocky crag suggests, "Rock of ages, cleft for me." And we draw very near to God in that towering, massive cathedral of the divine Architect.

Neither am I alone. The grey squirrel runs along that fallen tree as if he were the usher, to take me to this seat at the foot of the monstrous column. The two quails in yonder tangle sing a duet, which, if not melodious, is full of life and joy. The bluejay taps on the dead branch in the thicket, and dodges out of sight as I look reprovingly at him, like some inattentive and careless boy, which I have no doubt he is. While the beautiful yellow warbler and the somber black-capped titmouse come flocking about me, to remind me that although two sparrows are sold for a farthing, yet "one of them shall not fall," even in this almost boundless forest, without my Father. As I see them in numbers, hopping and twittering in the shade, I say, "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

But the hour is more than spent. As I pass out I notice that this house of the Lord is decorated with the wild spirea and syringa. Even that poison oak, making a leafy network for sixty feet up and around that huge pine, has added beauty and suggestion to this sunrise. Even these things which cannot be safely approached with too much familiarity can sometimes be made useful and contributive in the worship of God.

How rarely has the finest edifice, with the most elaborate service and eager congregation, made a deeper impression than this Sunday, with my Lord in his vast temple of the trees.

Cuddebach, July 28th.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Hammond Cole are enroute from Douglas, Alaska.

Rev. H. B. Mobray of Fruitvale went East last week on a vacation trip.

The First Church of Oakland will entertain the State Association in October.

Rev. F. Watry of Sonoma has accepted a call from the church at Pascadero.

The Rev. Dr. McLean spoke last week at the W. C. T. U. congress at Pacific Grove.

Next Monday the Rev. E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield will read a paper at the Ministers' Meeting, on John Bunyan.

The Foreign Church, Hilo, J. A. Cruzan, pastor ,at the July communion, received two new members, both on confession of faith.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher of Mill Valley went East this week. Before he returns Miss Irene Stiles of Oberlin, Ohio, will be Mrs. Miles B. Fisher.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Cruzan of Hilo sailed from that port July 23rd on the ship "Falls of Clyde." They are likely to reach San Francisco the last of this week.

In the First Church of Berkeley, the pastor is varying the usual order of procedure by having some of the members lead the Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

Rev. M. J. Luark of Murphys went this week to Montesano, Wash., for a month's vacation, with relatives at that place. The church building at Murphys is being newly painted.

Rev. F. S. Forbes of Santa Barbara favored the Brotherhood of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, with an able and exceedingly interesting address on "The Coming Aristocracy" Tuesday evening of last week.

The "Courier" of Port Angeles, Wash., states that the Rev. David H. Reid, during his stay in Port Angeles, proved "a devoted leader, a true Christian and a zealous, untiring worker in his Master's vineyard."

There can be no morning glory except a night has preceded. As the eagle stirreth up—tears to pieces—the nest that the young eagles may fly, so the Lord may utterly break up the home in Egypt that Israel may go into Canaan, break up the world that men may find the new earth and heaven.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Father of the Faithful as Mediator. (Gen. xviii: 16-33)

Lesson VII. August 18, 1901.

Between the impressive scene of God's formal covenant with His friend and this of that righteous man's intercession, years have intervened. Much of absorbing interest, could we know it, must have occurred within those limits. For us, however, interest clusters about two points—the birth of Ishmael, and the promise of Isaac. Both tempt us to delay; but we must linger only to note, as connected with the latter, the change of Abram's name into Abraham and of Sarai's into Sarah. The introduction of the rite of circumcision into the Abrahamic family is another of the marked events of that time. Familiar, perhaps as a practice of the Egyptians, it was consecrated now by the infusion of religious ideas, and adopted as the distinctive badge of those in covenant relations to Jehovah. (17:7-14.) Thus solemnly the Jewish nation was ushered into being.

Jehovah Fellowships with His Friend.

"The Lord appeared unto him by the oaks of Mamre as he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day." Three travellers, the company appeared, halting at a little distance as if inviting hospitality. Receiving them with cordial greeting, Abraham first provided for their physical needs, and then engages them in conversation. With growing awe he receives again the promise of the longed-for child, even then a joy hardly to be entertained. The real nature of the interview, however, does not emerge until near its close. But when the three rise to continue their journey toward Sodom, Abraham begins to realize that he has been entertaining angels unawares. Then it bursts upon him with strange delight. Not only so, but in one of the three he recognizes the Lord of angels and of men, He with whom he has entered into solemn covenant. Just so did the two disciples on the way to Emmaus waken up to the blissful consciousness that it was Jesus Himself whom they were entertaining at supper. And not otherwise does the real significance of some hallowed hour of divine fellowship dawn upon us. "God was in the place and we knew it not." Only as we reflect upon its sacred experiences is the full truth apprehended. "The men rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom; and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way." It was well on toward evening, when the four stood together on the heights overlooking the plain, so beautiful in outward show, but so reeking with loathsome evil. With eyes filled with generous tears and a heart wrung with grief over the disclosures of impending judgment, Abraham sees the two angelic messengers depart, leaving him alone with Jehovah, and now the real climax of the tragedy is reached. That high place was Abraham's closet. There the Judge of all the earth gave audience to the intercessor, listened to his plea, and granted him his heart's desire. It is upon this commanding height that we pause to-day. The scene is an epitome of the world's history, from a heavenly point of view. God, man, and the mediator between God and man, all are represented here.

A Revelation of God

It seems hard to think of Abraham as an idolator; but such he certainly had been (cf. Josh, xxiv: 2, 3). And, remembering this, we shall the better appreciate the immense advance in spiritual knowledge which the intervening years have brought. All the gods of the peoples now, are things of naught to him. The Lord Jehovah, whom he worships, alone has reality; His sway extending not merely over separate tribes or nations, but over all the families of the earth.

The idea of righteousness, also, which was wholly absent from heathen notions, has now come to the front. The Judge of all the earth must do right. (18:25.) Government is not merely a question of brute force, or of superior knowledge, but of moral goodness. Its end is not selfish exploitation, but blessing. The highest good which Abraham's God can bestow upon His friend is this, that all the nations of the earth shall be based on Him. (18:18.) It is a conception which even now stretches far beyond all but a comparatively few, in most enlightened nations of the world; and quite beyond the attainment of any. We count its partial adoption as one of the chiefest glories of our age: but no government, and no business, and no society, has dared to identify itself fully with it.

It was a great thing for God to have thus wrought this conviction into even a single soul, amid all the conflicting appearances which the administration of the divine government has involved. It was a great thing to have so impressed upon Abraham the assurance that the world is controlled by a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness, "that he could dare stake everything upon it, and, despite appearances, claim mercy for Sodom.

Abraham's God comes even nearer to us in His assumption of the human form for this new revelation. Here was no combination of unnatural and repulsive shapes to symbolize His qualities, but the likeness of a man, of gentle mien and gracious presence. It is the first recorded theophany since Eden was lost. And it would seem to have been designed to bring Himself within the range of human sympathy, and render child-like approach to Him easy.

And consistent with this was the glimpse into the divine heart which the narrative brings to light. That soliloquy which prefaces the declaration of His purpose to Abraham (18:17-19) was thoroughly human in its reasonings. It presupposes man's creation in the image of God. It implies that God and man can understand each other. It must have encouraged Abraham, as it encourages us, to boldly draw near and plead with God, as one pleads with his friend.

It was an additional revelation of His glory, that the great God should so think of taking His servant into His confidence, explaining to him the reasons for His action, and treating him as if a partner in the transaction. I know of nothing grander in all history than Almighty God's confiding of His plans and their reasons to a man (18:20). Such is not the usual way. Men of power are characteristically secretive as to their proposed action, often to a degree which precludes any sympathetic intercourse with their fellows. But with God, the very opposite is true. All which can be explained He confides to His friend. He never needlessly conceals anything from any one. Openness is a principle of His government. As one of His prophets has said, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets." (Amos 3:7); i. e., He puts them in the way of a correct judgment. And these words of Jehovah, again, are akin to those of Jesus: "No longer do I call you servants, but friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known to you."

It was needful that Abraham should have a correct understanding of this transaction. Not only on his own account, but for the sake of his children and of his descendants, it was important. For it is a part of His plan to make much of the family, in carrying out His redeem-

ing plans. It was an essential condition of that widespread blessing of which Abraham was to be the agent (2-18), that "his children and household after him" should be trained in ways of righteousness, to keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment. And for this, they, too, must see the reasonableness of trusting and obeying God. All the more then must Abraham be profoundly convinced of the truth. "The father of the faithful" must be able to "command" the conscience and the heart of his children. Every parent ought to be able to do this. The woful evils of the present day, over which we mourn, are largely due to the lack of such moral authority on the part of parents.

And because of the vital importance of this providential link, the Lord disclosed Himself and His plans to Abraham. It was like Him thus to have respect unto the lowly. And it was like him, too, that after all was over, God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow."

Those words, "I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it" (v. 25), cast another side-light upon the character and ways of action of Him whom with both Abraham and ourselves have to do. God never decides hastily, never acts from unworthy motives, nor without the fullest consideration of all the conditions involved. It is this, indeed, which gives to His judgments such tremendous weight. We know—everyone may be assured—that the judgment of God is according to truth. It is only a further extension of this glorious attribute of our God that Jesus should have declared that the Father has committed to the Son the execution of final judgment, "because He is the Son of Man" (John 5:27); and therefore can the easier command their confidence.

The story brings to view also the loving kindness of our God. All those renewed petitions involve a progressive commentary upon the words of the Lord Jesus, that our Heavenly Father is more ready to give good things to them that ask Him than earthly parents are to supply their children's needs. Abraham did not understand this at first. He had the common notion that God must be persuaded into granting favors. He did not realize how much stronger was God's desire to take account of every mitigating circumstance and save Sodom, if possible, than he himself, with all his personal interest, could possibly be. And so he did not dare to launch out as boldly as he might in prayer. Every onward step involved a fresh disclosure of God's heart. And it is noticeable that Abraham was the first to come to a halt. He gained everything he asked for. Perhaps had he known God better he might have gained more.

A Revelation of Abraham.

It showed how far God's training of His servant had progressed, and brought to view the deep and solid foundations of his character.

We can seem to see him standing before the Lord, listening with changing countenance to the solemn words of doom. And the first thought which impresses us is of his large-heartedness. It is not of himself that he is thinking; the very first words of Jehovah had shown his own interests to be secure. And a less generous nature would have been apt to settle back upon this assurance. But so could not Abraham. The thought of Lot and of those doomed cities pressed upon him with insupportable heaviness. Their case had often cast a gloom over his days. For the wickedness of Sodom had been only too notorious; and his heart had ached as he had seen his nephew drawn into closer relations to its depraved inhabitants. But now the situation is revealed to him in more lurid light—not only its moral evil, but the inevitable doom overhanging all. And he starts back with a sort of horror from the suggestion. He must put forth one more effort to avert the calamity. So interpret the scene, and it all seems very real. It is just so that a godly man who has grieved over rampantism in the world, and worldliness in the church, and irreligion in his household, awakes to a realization of the facts, so clear and terrible, as to cast all past conceptions into the shade, and to move him as Abraham was moved, to a hitherto unfelt intensity of intercession.

But why should Abraham have been so profoundly moved? As regards Lot, we may perhaps understand it. But for Sodom we might anticipate only a feeling of stern satisfaction. So it would have been with an equally conscientious but less generous nature. And as we read over his repeated plans, his unwillingness to accept the case as hopeless, his determination to effect at least some partial relief, we seem to catch glimpses of the divine quality of a good man's love. We contrast Abraham's broad, unselfish sympathy with Lot's ignoble fear, and lack of any positive influence over his children (19:14-20); and we trace them both to their sources in faith and worldliness.

Not less notable is the attitude of Abraham toward Jehovah; removed at once from slavish obsequiousness and from flippant overreverence. He bowed before the Almighty, with every expression of lowly awe; but he stood before Him in the conscious dignity of a son of God. There was that in him which touched something akin in the heart of the Most High, and to which he knew he could appeal. The Judge of all the world must be righteous; and he dared to assert that righteousness in God was the same kind and would work out in similar ways as righteousness in himself. And knowing what that meant, he had courage to plead with God to recognize its claims. He argued with Him, not to be untrue to His own standard, not to give occasion for any one to doubt either His justice or His mercy. It was Abraham's intense sympathy with God which saved this prayer from timidity on the one hand, or irreverence on the other. And that is the only safeguard for prayer in any case. It is safe to reason together with God, safe to set our moral intentions over against conflicting appearances, safe to expostulate with Him, as heroes of faith are apt to do; but only safe as underneath and pervading all there is the spirit of worship and a childlike awe.

One point more only we can briefly touch upon—the obligations of the wicked to the good. How much Lot owed to Abraham's intercession, he could never know; but we can imagine. How much worse might have been the fate of the Sodomites but for the presence of Lot, worldly minded and tainted with the prevailing corruption though he was, can never be realized until the secret things of the world are unlocked before the judgment seat of Christ. If Lot were one of God's elect, however, as seems to be certified (II Pet. ii:7, 8); then may we believe that here as in the days of Christ, and in multitudes of instances since then, the days of evil were shortened and its ravages curtailed, for the elect's sake. The real defenses of our nation thus may be found in humble cottages, even more than in our public places.

The Issue of Worldliness.

It came to the cities of the plain just after the one righteous man had fled from them. Forces, natural probably in themselves, but supernatural in their timeliness, and in their moral effects, were set loose and spread destruction over all that region. An explosion of gas, flinging up masses of fiery vapor, to descend in deadly rain upon the devoted cities, but in it all and

directing all His avenging will, "who maketh winds His messengers, His ministers a flowing fire."

"And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he had stood before the Lord. And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah and toward all the land of the plain, and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

God's Requirments. (Deut. x: 12-14.)

Lesson VII. August 18, 1901.

Great mistakes are often made in our thoughts of God because we think of Him as simply another party with whom we may or may not choose to deal. There is a tendency noticeable in literature and utterance, which assumes a kind of dignity in speaking of God, as if He could hardly expect much attention paid to His words to man unless He were careful to approach us in a way which would respect our reason, our consciousness and our position among the living beings of the universe. The present generation has a good deal to say of human dignity and human rights. So far is this true that one is reminded of a reproof once spoken to an age of similar tendency: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." A corrective like this would not be entirely out of place at the present time.

* * *

We cannot properly consider the theme of "God's Requirements" without some careful understanding of what are the relations between us and God which give force to the term "requirement." A child may need a score force to the term requirement. A child may meet a score of strong, able and worthy men on the street without the feeling that any one of them has a right to *require* aught of him. That youth might be at liberty to treat according to his own pleasure any demands thus made. But if, among the twenty, one was his father, the case would be entirely changed. A requirement from that man would have in it all the force that love and righteousness could give it. It would not be a question of dignity or the child's reason; it would be a matter of filial loyalty. The requirement of the father would be supreme over all of that boy's choice or preference, unless that demand violated some higher law above both father and son. While that relation remains, the father's will is the child's ultimate law.

* * *

To give the Christian life the character which ought to belong to it, and to give it the influence rightfully its own, this relation to God ought now to be carefully reviewed and pressed. Whatever problem may lurk behind this fact, God is the Creator of every one of us. Whatever we may say of our dignity and our rights and the subjection of all questions to the conclusion of our reason, we are His! "He made us, and not we ourselves!" No child ever had the reason to look with reverence to his human father that every man has to think with reverence and awe of God. To be thoughtless of or regardless concerning God is far more unworthy in any man than for a son to be careless of the best parent that ever lived. A man who has not been a loyal boy to his parents, is not likely to know how to be a proper father to a son; and, no matter what a man may become in his religious beliefs, he cannot achieve success unless he is well grounded in this fundamental conception of his obligation to God as his Creator.

But while all this is to be seriously considered, and all the world is held by this far-reaching relation, still the Old Testament idea in Deuteronomy is not exactly the New Testament view-point. We greatly obscure the Christian relation to God by these unexplained quotations from the Jewish system. We often use language which was used to a Jew with a Jew's history and understanding, as if it were spoken to a Christian with all his enlarged vision and increased freedom. Many a man grounds himself in error by this practice. Misplaced truth is one of the greatest dangers of our times. God cannot talk to a Jew or to any other man as He can and does to one who has accepted and entered the Christian relationship to Himself. Even the Lord's Prayer is essentially a Jewish prayer, and has not the scope, the freedom or the inspiration which may belong to Christian communion with God. It is quite possible to locate one's self entirely within the sphere of the law and the Old Testament ideals by laying our chief stress upon some Old Testament conceptions.

* * *

"God's Requirements," as our topic has it buttressed by this reference in Deuteronomy, is an ideal belonging to the sphere of law. As Paul puts it in Romans, it is the talk of a Master to a "bond-servant." Of all the world outside the Christian company God *requires;* of all Christians he *receives*. Ours is the realm of law the other is the sphere of love. Love does not require; it does not need to do so. When one is trying to live his life governed by law, he is continually asking, "Is this wrong, or that wicked?" But if he is impelled by love, he seeks as a pleasure to do all that will please his Lord. Public sentiment will not have much to do with his decision. The practice of the majority will not be decisive with him. The habits that are going in his day will not determine his course. Love is personal, brave, independent and individual.

* * *

So there is a very important caution in this lesson. It is hard, unprogressive and unsatisfactory experience which tries to govern its life by God's requirements. What God offers is the life that is moved by a sweet, dominating, personal love of Jesus Christ. Love is always a delightful leader. Service and sacrifice, obedience and devotion, under law—under hard and fast requirements, are difficult, wearing and irksome. But under love they are a pleasure and a satisfaction. This is truer in the Christian life than anywhere else. What we need to cultivate is this personal love for Jesus. By thought upon the facts of His life and the expressions of His will, and by communion with Him in the silent but frequent prayer of our hearts, we may come to love Him as we do no human friend. He will live in our thoughts as the dearest of earth's contents. Then we shall hardly think of requirements, we will scarcely be reminded of duty or law, but because we love Him so, our unconscious life will be one perpetual offering.

If there is one crowning mark of vulgarity, it is the wish to flaunt in the eyes of one's neighbors the fact of superiority in anything. The easiest and most offensive form is that of money, the swaggering airs which the possession of this unclean article allows vulgar people to take on, the display of diamonds, and liveries and expense for the sake of stirring up the envy of those who have not those things. Still worse is that air of condescension which money puts on, as though, to most people, the chief reason for being rich were to enable a man to treat others insolently with impunity.—The Christian Record.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Southern Branch.

Cradle Roll.

(Report for the year ending April 10, 1901.)

Some one has said, "Nature sows a hundred seeds to one that springs up and bears fruit," and Christians ought to be willing to do as much.

As the time comes for gathering the reports of what has been accomplished in the Cradle Roll department, for the annual report of its Superintendent, it is impossible not to wish that the harvesting were richer, the ingathering more plentiful, and that we were able to come "bringing in the sheaves" in greater abundance. But though we look around on some uncultivated fields, though we see in other places only meager returns from what should have been an abundant harvest, we are deeply thankful for some shining fields, where seed has been faithfully sown, and where in the future an abundant harvest will be gathered.

During the year your Superintendent has sent out forty-one letters, ten postals, twenty-five copies of last year's report as printed in The Pacific, 71 enrollment cards, and twenty-three leaflets explaining the Cradle Roll work.

Santa Ana reports 56 members, 36 copies of the Mission Dayspring taken, and $15 sent to the treasurer. Its Superintendent writes: "Our work is prospering. The mothers are interested as well as the children. One of the regular woman's missionary meetings is given to the Cradle Roll work. The month of December has been chosen for the last three years, and it is said by many to be our best missionary meeting of all the year. The little tots have charge of the program and entertain with songs, recitations and verses of Scripture. Then refreshments are served and care is taken that the little ones are especially remembered; also a little keepsake is provided for each as a souvenir. A collection is one of the opportunities that is never forgotten by the children."

From Moreno the pastor's wife writes: "Our Cradle Roll brought us only $1.40 this year. It seems very small, yet I doubt if we ought to expect more under the circumstances. The people are still going away. We had a very pleasant gathering. Every one seems especially to enjoy the changing of our little church into a parlor. One mother did not come because they had recently lost their house by fire and everything in it, except the clothing they had on, which was their poorest. She said the baby's bank was burned and all the money ran together. A seventh little one has recently come to another mother, and she has been very sick for weeks. She is blind in one eye, and quite deaf. This is a hard life for a great many people, isn't it?"

San Diego's Superintendent, a busy mother with four little children, has been living out of the city for some time, but reports two parties during the year, and the children much interested in the work.

Pomona's reception came the day after that severe rain. Of the thirty-five little ones invited only eighteen or nineteen were present. They and their mammas seemed to have an enjoyable time. There are at present twenty members, and $5 have been contributed.

Word comes from San Jacinto that three meetings have been held during the year, and $5 contributed. This society numbers twenty-seven, thirteen of whom are "Little Light Bearers." Twelve copies of "Mission Dayspring" are taken.

The Lake Avenue, Pasadena, Cradle Roll Band held its second meeting December 12, 1900. It was a birthday party for a beautiful four-year-old girl, held in the lovely home of her parents, who are deeply interested in the cause of missions. A delightful program had been arranged by the hostess, who presided at the piano, while the children gathered round and sang, "Jesus Bids Us Shine," a great favorite with them. Prayer was offered and a poem recited. A dainty little cradle of straw, lined with pink silk and lace, was passed by the little hostess, and the money offering amounted to sixty-five cents. One new member was added to the Band. One of Hawaii's missionary daughters gave the children a very interesting talk on missions. A lovely birthday cake was brought in which had the words "Cradle Roll Party" on it in pink candy, a little cradle of candy on top and four candles. Chocolate and wafers were served, and each had a piece of the birthday cake. It was a delightful gathering. The society numbers twenty members. One dollar has been contributed for missions and ten copies of the "Dayspring" are taken.

The Superintendent at Riverside says: "Our report this year is not very satisfactory, but it looks rather worse than it is. It happened that the day set for our party fell right in the midst of a whooping-cough epidemic. So, although the day was pleasant and the mothers anxious to come, our attendance was scarcely half what it should have been. Another thing: Last year we asked for 25 cents per child. This year, for the sake of reaching some mothers who had several children and little money, we thought best to ask for 'ten cents or more,' and this reduced the offering. Then I have felt a little sensitive about asking mothers who were not present for their children's money, and have not been able to see others, so the amount reported does not quite represent our total assets. In spite of all these 'buts' we feel very much encouraged. Several mothers, who are not connected with or interested in the work of any church, brought their children, and it is in places like these that I think the real value of the Cradle Roll shows. We have at least four such mothers, and there are several others for whom the Cradle Roll and the 'Dayspring' are the only links between them and the church. Our party went off nicely. We were happy to have Miss Dudley with us, and her talk to the mothers and babies was very sweet. Mr. Larkin, our assistant pastor, who was in Turkey for a time, also spoke. One of our sweet singers sangs a lullaby. Two or three little pieces were recited by older children; the refreshments were delicious and appreciated. The figures are as follows: Number of members, 27; money for missions, $1.26; copies of 'Mission Dayspring', 17."

The Superintendent at Highlands writes: "I am full of enthusiasm over this branch of the work, and hope to be able to report a flourishing condition, increased membership, and a good contribution next time. The present membership is fourteen. This includes only those who are six years old and under, as the maximum age limit has been changed from ten to six. This change was made after consulting our pastor's wife, who is superintendent of the Junior C. E. This work has but recently come into my hands, and I have not as yet been able to have

our mite-box opening. We decided to have no membership fee, but to give each member a pretty little mite-box for the contributions. Five or six copies of the 'Dayspring' are taken."

If all the fathers and mothers in Southern California could have been present at the Cradle Roll party held in Dr. Williams' church, Redlands, May 16th, I am sure their hearts would have been stirred. At three o'clock, mothers or grandmothers, some with one and some with four children, began to arrive in the parlors of the new and beautiful church, and all were pleasantly greeted by the Superintendent and her helpers, and the pastor and his wife. A badge of narrow white ribbon, with the words "Cradle Rall" printed in gilt letters upon it, was worn by those under five years. A star, on which was a candle and "Shine for Jesus" above it, suspended by a narrow ribbon, was the badge of those over five, and the five who graduated from the Cradle Roll wore a white ribbon badge with "Advanced Little Light Bearers" upon it. The children were furnished with toys or games or picture books. There were all varieties of children; some were shy and clung close to their mothers' dress skirts; some trotted about the room, swinging or rattling their toys with an air which said, "I own the universe." In one corner could be seen a group of children and a lady playing kindergarten games with them; in another corner another group playing, "Drop the handkerchief," and so on, all over the large chapel and parlor, the buzz and hum of happy voices filled the air. The grown-ups were introduced and made many new acquaintances, while they beamed with delight upon the little ones. One lady said, "I believe the old folks enjoy this as much as the children"; and another replied, "I believe they do more."

At four o'clock the pastor's daughter took her seat at the piano, and the children marched to music around the room and dropped their money into a cradle, which stood on a table in front of the pulpit—an historic cradle with which the pastor's wife had played when a child and which her daughters had enjoyed as well.

At the tap of the bell the children quieted down into the front seats, and their pastor offered prayer; then the Superintendent called the roll. One hundred and two were present—the youngest a 1900 baby. The children of primary school age sang a sweet song, and those who had reached the age of nine sang another. A returned missionary told them about the first little brown baby she learned to love, and how she had grown to be a Christian teacher; then showed some native articles of dress and other curios, which seemed to interest them. Dr. Wiliams told them a beautiful story; then they went to the basement, where low tables were set for all, with little chairs to sit on. It was beautiful—so many bowed heads while God's blessing was asked. The refreshments for the children were simple, but abundant—wafers and fruitade were provided for the mothers. This was a red-letter day to many of those mothers who cannot leave their little ones to go to an ordinary missionary meeting, and the children will never lose the impression of it. Each of the new members received a beautiful enrollment card. Four life members, at five dollars each, were made. Thirty dollars have been sent to the treasurers of the Southern Branch and the W. H. M. Union. The "Mission Dayspring" goes into seventy-three homes, and the 130 members on the Superintendent's book will look forward eagerly to another like gathering soon. To those who cannot have so elaborate an entertainment I would say, You can make the children and mothers, too, just as happy in a plain wooden building, or under an oak tree. It is the heart-to-heart touch in this delightful work for the little ones that thrills our very being.

The Superintendent of last year in the First church of Los Angeles has been very much occupied this winter with the coming of a little son into her home, and has had neither time nor strength for the Cradle Roll work, and no one else was found to take it up.

Claremont pleads for your lenient judgment. Its Band is alive and numbers fifteen, and nine copies of the "Mission Dayspring" were sent to the homes, but its leader has not yet been able to have a gathering with the little folks. We have two new societies to report. Etiwanda is straining every nerve to get money for a new church building, but its pastor's wife writes, "We have only two members. It has been impossible to have a meeting, but have sent $1.25 for Cradle Roll. We take thirteen 'Mission Daysprings.' Hope to do better in the future."

Ventura is not yet fully organized, but has twelve names on its roll, and ten copies of the "Mission Dayspring" will soon gladden more than that number of little people.

This does not tell all that is being done in our churches to train the little ones to misisonary giving and loving. The First church of Pasadena, the East Los Angeles church, and possibly others, have flourishing Cradle Roll Bands in connection with their Sunday-schools, and their contributions may go through the same channels as those reported here. There are signs of Cradle Roll life in still other places, of which we shall hope to tell later.

Notwithstanding the fact that four societies have not reported their membership, we find that 323 have been reported, only three less than last year. The number of "Mission Daysprings" taken is 187, a gain of thirty-five over last year. In money we have also gained $0.57, as the amounts reported to me foot up $60.01. Half of this money is given to foreign and half to home missions.

Again we raise our "Ebenezer," and press forward to better things. Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. E. M. Pease, Supt.

Value of True Character.

A jeweler in a Western town recently found a precious treasure in a peculiar place. His home coffee-mill was broken, and he took it apart to find what was the trouble. He discovered that it had been wrecked by the action of a stone of some sort that had even cut its way into the metal of the grinders. He took the stone to his jewelry store, and, putting it under a microscope, discovered that it was a large diamond of the blue tint variety, and worth about $200. It is thought the diamond got mixed up with the coffee when the grain was screened in South Africa, where the coffee was raised. The diamond was about the size of a coffee grain, and had the same dull color.

What a striking illustration of the value of reality over sham and pretense! The diamond was plain and unpretentious, but being a diamond, wherever it was found, no matter how humble the circumstances or associations, it was a precious treasure. So true character will ever come to its own in the end. It may be neglected and forgotten for a while, but genuine manhood and womanhood, however humble their associations, will make themselves felt, and God will honor them in his own good time.—L. A. Banks.

It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. * * * You can be idle for him, if so he wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for him. The sick-bed or the prison or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and finding him.—Phillips Brooks.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Two persons were received into the membership of the church on profession last Sunday, and six children, belonging to five Chinese Christian families, in all of which both father and mother are believers, were baptized.

Oakland Pilgrim.—There was one accession by letter Sunday. The pastor and his wife go this week to Los Angeles for a month's vacation. Mr. Brooks has occupied the pulpit every Sunday this summer, and has also attended the summer school of the State University. While away he occupies the Congregational pulpit at Pomona.

Mill Valley.—One thousand dollars will be spent in furnishing the basement of the church building for Sunday-school, chapel and general uses, and on other desired improvements. The auditorium will be seated with pews and the exterior of the building painted. A gift of $1,000 by a friend of the church makes possible these improvements.

Southern California.

Rialto.—Rev. A. C. Dodd spends his August vacation with his parents at Oceanside.

Los Angeles.—The First Church received twenty-one on August 4th, five on confession. Through vacation season a very large number were present at the twilight communion.

Eagle Rock and La Canada.—The pastor of these churches, Rev. Otto Anderson, has accepted a call to the church at Jerome, Arizona, and expects to take up that work October 1st.

San Jacinto.—Rev. H. E. Merrill, pastor of this church, and also of Lake View, twelve miles distant, takes a well earned vacation in August. He plans to escape with his family the heat of the inland valleys by spending most of the month in the enjoyment of the recuperating breezes of the seaside at Long Beach.

Villa Park.—The house of worship has recently been repaired, tinted and varnished within at the expense of Mrs. Henry Snyder, one of its members. An outside platform and steps have been built and the aisles have been carpeted. Rev. Wm. Sloan and wife of Third church, Los Angeles, have been invited to hold with the church a two-weeks' meeting, to begin August 4th.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—This church is prospering under the earnest and thoughtful preaching of its pastor, Rev. J. H. Mallows. The picnic of its Sunday-school at Redondo Beach early in July, was enjoyed by old and young alike. Rev. George H. De Kay and wife have cast in their lot with this church as members, while he is engaged in promoting the work of the Boys' Industrial Home at Artesia.

San Diego.—This place being a summer resort, the work in the church continues with no diminution of energy. At the First church a chorus choir of thirty voices chiefly of the young people, has recently been organized, and is doing splendid work to the delight of everybody. Last Sunday evening the praise service, a monthly service, was considered by those in attendance as one of the finest services ever held in the church. By special request it will be repeated next Sunday. The theme of the pastor's address was "Mary, the Friend of Jesus," the closing address of a series on New Testament characters. The pastor had recently organized a Young People's class for the study of the Christian life. The church is awake to the fact that the General Association meets here in October, and plans are being made for a successful meeting.

Los Angeles, Park Church.—Unusual interest has been manifested of late in Object Lesson sermons by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Hendry, on Sabbath evenings. The subject on Sunday evening, July 28th, was "Light," culminating in the story of him who is the "Light of the World." The usual light of the church was turned down and there appeared on the platform a gas lamp, a coal-oil lamp, candles large and small, and a taper burning in oil, such as is used in a sick-room, to tell plainly the lesson of the discourse. The subject of the evening of August 4th is "The Harvest," illustrated in like manner by grains, fruits and flowers. On the evening of the 11th, while Pastor Hendry is absent at Catalina Island on vacation, Rev. C. S. Billings is to preach on "The Good Soldier," illustrated by graphic word-pictures of scenes and events in Sherman's march to the sea.

Southern California Children's Day Report.

Children's Day was quite generally observed by our churches and schools, and offerings were made to the missionary work of our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. The amounts received by the undersigned up to July 31st are from the following Sunday-schools:

Norwalk	$ 4 00	Hyde Park	$ 6 50
San Jacinto	6 96	Alpine	4 15
Corona (ch & S.S.)	14 35	Dehesa	3 45
Perris	5 00	Ventura	7 60
Vernon	12 45	Santa Ana	4 00
Fairfax	2 00	La Mesa	2 30
Hesperia	6 00	Pasadena, North	6 58
Tempe, Ariz.	6 10	" Lake Ave.	10 00
Rialto	9 01	Albuquerque, N.M. Cong.	19 19
San Bernardino, Bethel.	4 10	San Diego, First	27 59
Los Angeles, Pico H'ts.	12 40	Bloomington	4 67
" " Third	5 00	Lemon Grove	1 75
" " Park	10 00	Riverside	21 75
Escondido	5 75	Ontario	14 00
Claremont	19 50	Whittier	6 71
Buena Park	5 60	Etiwanda	6 22
Poway	9 00	Mentone (ch. and S.S.)	4 53
Paso Robles	5 25	Sherman	5 43
Lakeview	2 26	Stowe	1 50
Jamul	2 00	Compton	7 85
Chula Vista	7 28	Redlands	12 00
National City	5 73	Long Beach	2 00
Saticoy	4 67	Los Angeles, West End	3 00
Los Angeles, Olivet	7 00	" " East (ch).	1 81
L.A., First (ch. and S.S.)	51 08	" " East	7 92
Pomona	20 00	Santa Barbara	6 00
Pasadena, First (church)	19 25	Redondo	2 00
" First	25 00	Chloride, Ariz.	2 03

H. P. Case,
Supt. of C. S. S. & P. S.

Box 863, Los Angeles, Cal.

Married.

In Los Angeles, July 31, 1901, by Rev. Wm. Horace Day, Junior Pastor, First Congregational Church, Mr. Henry S. Williams and Miss Nellie J. St. Clair, both of Los Angeles.

In 1800 the first patent ever issued to a woman was granted—for straw-weaving.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The Trustees of the Puget Sound Academy now located at Snohomish, have elected as its Principal Prof. George C. Snow of Chadron Academy, Nebraska, a young man highly recommended by all connected with our Congregational educational work in the State from which he comes, including such men as the President of Doane College at Crete, Neb., Prof. J. M. Bennett, and the Trustees and faculty of Chadron, his associates for several years. Principal Snow is a young man less than thirty years of age, and comes with his bride to endeavor to put new life and vigor into the institution over which he is to preside. He is a graduate of Franklin Academy and of Doane College, an excellent singer and an earnest Christian.

He is expected to be at Snohomish by the middle of the present month and possibly earlier, and will soon thereafter be found pressing the work, opportunities and needs of the academy upon the attention of present and future friends and patrons.

Our hearts were pained a week since to learn of the passing away from earth of our dear friend and brother, Rev. Alonzo Rogers. He died on Thursday, July 25th, at his home in Whatcom, as perhaps your readers have already learned. The suffering and infirmities of the past two or three years had been borne patiently and quietly and doubtless he was made glad as the end approached. As a minister of the Gospel of Christ, he was gifted with power for its presentation far above the average, and his career in Iowa, Oregon and Washington brought to him many opportunities of successful services wherein he was honored of God and his fellows.

Our sympathies go out in behalf of his good wife and daughter, loved companions of a noble man, in their desolation. We are sure the dear Lord will keep and care for them, raising up friends who will to them express His goodness and mercy.

Rev. H. Hammond Cole of Douglas, Alaska, resigned his pastorate a couple of months since, but has continued there, awaiting the coming of a minister who shall succeed him. Latest advices of both Nome, Alaska, and the H. M. Rooms at New York, indicate that Superintendent Davies, who is expected in Seattle within the next few weeks, will take the Douglas church in connection with his supervision of the general work in that Territory. Should there be an interim between the outgoing pastor and the coming of Superintendent Davies, it is expected that Rev. A. B. Snider, now serving the C. S. S. & P. S. in that section, will care for the Douglas church. It is not yet fully known as to who will succeed Brother Davies at Nome. We write from beneath a canvas roof in a new town in Northwestern Snohomish county. It is said to be but thirty days old, and to have a population of about an hundred and fifty. The site of the town is on a level plain, five or six miles square, and is surrounded by snow-capped mountains so near that they seem but an hour's walk distant. It is one of the most picturesque spots we have seen. The fishing and hunting opportunities are said to be so abundant that a Williams or a Scudder might find vacation delights every day for a month and yet be within tri-weekly reach of rail communications.

Darington, Wash., August 2nd.

The first lectures ever given by a woman were delivered by Fanny Wright in 1828.

The Truth about Whittington.

In Harper's for August Moncure D. Conway gives us the history of the fable of Dick Whittington and his cat, as seen in the light of recent investigation. Here is his summing up of facts in the case:

"The entire story shows us a historical Englishman invested with a legend not only untrue, but uncharacteristic of him. The animus of the legend is plain; it is a moral tale. In order to make the moral more striking, line after line of darkness has been added by successive reciters to the lad's life, and corresponding lustres to the man's life, to make the transformation more marvelous. In the epitaph quoted, 'Fortune' and 'Providence' are both credited with the result. The British paterfamilias could hardly believe in a heaven-blest union without offspring, consequently the virtuous pair are given children unknown to history. The very soul of London city, as distinguished from the aristocratic nation, is expressed in the figment that Whittington was of mean birth. Long before every American boy was told he might become President, the London boy was told he might become Lord Mayor; but it was not yet so in Dick Whittington's time, and the legend probably took on that item when the city was becoming more democratic. After encouraging this democratic tendency, the conventional legend pays deference to early puritan elements. But the cockney element is paramount. The Bow Bell, the ancient curfew of London, to whose sounds every apprentice rose and retired, was of old represented in rhymes and runes. Its sounds could not of course reach Highgate except in fairy fashion; but it was necessary that acoustic laws should accommodate themselves to the rule that a cocknew must be born within sound of Bow Bell. 'Dick,' having been so unfortunate as to be born in the country, does his best, cockneyward, by being born again, as it were, under the Bells, or adopted by them in a special way."

"All of this represents what is familiar in folk-lore, yet always surprising—the power of an ideal popular conception to reverse facts, and build up its new reality out of plainest fiction."

Greater than a Railroad President.

Sam was a farmer's son. A new railroad had just been built through his father's farm. One Sabbath Sam was surprised to see an engine drawing a car stop in front of his home. The president of the road stepped out and started to examine a new bridge. The little barefooted Sam trudged along behind the party. After a while the president turned to Sam and said: "See here, my little fellow, do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; "I suppose you are the head man of this railroad."

"And what do you think I would be likely to want just now, above everything else?"

Sam replied: "I should think, sir, you would want to get God to forgive you for taking his day from him to come and look at your new bridge."

The president looked at the boy for a moment, and then said: "Who told you to say that?"

"No one," answered Sam; "I just thought of it in my own heart, sir."

"You think right, my boy, and I thank you for reminding me of my duty, and promise you that the reminder will not be forgotten. You have shown yourself a greater man than the railroad president."

So Sam ran home to tell his father that he was a greater man than the president of the railroad.—Selected.

Our Boys and Girls.

In School and Out.

When I look at the clock in school,
The minute hand goes so slow;
And the hour hand hardly moves at all.
You cannot see it go.
But when they have met at noon,
And I've only an hour for fun,
You ought to see how the spiteful hands
Just race from twelve to one!

The Little Hero Who Knew the Law.

It was at Fifty-sixth street and Vincennes avenue where the work of excavating for a large flat building has been in progress for some time. Frequently the indignation of the people living nearby has been aroused by the brutalities visited upon the horses at work there.

The soil is of a soft, sandy character and the wheels of the wagons sink almost to the hubs under the weight of loads carried. The sand is dumped on a vacant lot about 100 feet to the south of the place of excavation, and the horses have suffered more at this place than at the other, as they are obliged to pull their loads to the top of the soft mound.

The other day, after a wagon had deposited its load, and for no other reason save his own innate brutality, the driver began brutally beating his horses. Suddenly he was approached by a boy of about ten years of age who, with flashing eye and in peremptory tone of voice, said:

"Stop whipping those horses! If you strike them again I will have you arrested."

The driver for a moment was too astounded to reply, for the child's earnest, determined manner impressed even him; then with an oath at the child he raised his whip again to strike the horses.

"Look out," said the fearless child, as he stepped nearer. "I am a member of the humane society and if you beat those horses any more I'll certainly have you arrested."

The blow did not fall. The words "humane society" and the child's determined manner arrested the uplifted arm, but in a moment the driver whirled about on the boy, and swinging his whip in a menacing manner shouted, amid a volley of epithets directed at the boy:

"Get out of here, you —— little whelp, or I'll wrap this whip around you and cut you in two."

"If you do it will be the dearest blow you ever struck," said the unflinching child, "for I'll have you in jail where you belong within an hour."

The moral force of the child triumphed over the brutal instincts of the man. With a sullen oath the driver turned his attention to his horses, but he did not beat them again.—Chicago Tribune.

Children and Sweethearts.

I often wonder if mothers of little daughters appreciate what they are doing when they jest with them about their "little sweethearts" and "beaux." There is so much of this kind of talk that the clear-eyed listener sickens in the hearing. While boys and girls are young they should be comrades, playmates, friends; but the possibility of tender relation existing should never for a moment enter the heads of the innocent children. When Mabel's mother speaks of twelve-year-old Jack as her "beau," and the little girl flushes with self-consciousness or with anger, the irreparable wrong has been done. The bloom has already begun to come off the peach. The longer boys and girls are kept in ignorance of the fact that they can be anything but dear friends, the happier they will be. They cannot help knowing that grown men and women love and are given in marriage, but the "grown-up" period seems very far off to them, and those who love them should keep them children as long as possible. They can be children but once.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Poke and Mrs. Rush.

Mrs. Poke sets out to do a good day's work, but she loses a half hour here, and a quarter hour there, in considering what to begin with. Then, she has only a vague plan in her mind what she means to do, and she starts two or three things at once and finishes none of them. She rips out her sewing because she has not succeeded in making every stitch invisible. In the middle of her baking she is attracted to the morning paper, reads it, omits her baking powder, and produces a batch of heavy biscuits. Mrs. Poke's work is never done.

Mrs. Rush is in a whirl from day dawn to dark. She is hammering and pounding, flying and fretting, until her own nerves and those of her family are nearly worn to shreds. She scolds her children, nags at her husband, and cannot keep a maid. Nobody wants to live with Mrs. Rush. One of these days she will die of collapse and nervous exhaustion, and few will mourn for her, though she is a good woman and an estimable member of society.

Mrs. Method is a more successful housekeeper than either Mrs. Poke or Mrs. Rush, and will live longer, be happier and do more good than they.

Smiles.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves his fellow-men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile—
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It s worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

—The National Advocate.

John Bookwalter of Ohio calls the American farmer the uncrowned king of Europe, and says all surplus product will bring high prices.

The Home.

Undertone.

BY BLANCH TRENNOR HEATH.

When the green woods grow sere,
And misty lights on hill and valley lie,
Faint melodies of earth and wave and sky
May reach the listening ear.

Blent of the frozen air,
The frost-bound river and the fallen leaf:
All things that voice the dying summer's grief,
Yet breathe not of despair.

For Nature's touch is true.
Throughout her diapason of sweet sound,
She strikes no chord to mar the perfect round,
Whence all her music grew.

Though one be set to pain
And one to joy, this minor autumn key
Leads upward to the jubilant ecstasy
Of spring that blooms again.

"Please Bless Massa's Little Boys."

This remarkable tribute to the religion of the Negro is from Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen, a Southern man:

"I have felt a deal of interest in this people. I have given up my lifework to help them on. I have carried the prayer of an old colored man in my heart ever since I was a boy. He was the slave of my father. We children loved him much. My father had great respect for him; he was a good man. When the prayer-bell was rung, all my father's house-servants could go in and worship if they chose. He never compelled them to go. This man, Joe Price, could neither read nor write; but, if ever there was a child of God, I believe that man was one. I have often heard my father ask him to lead in family prayers. Late on evening I was coming through a field on my father's plantation. As I came up toward the house I heard a strange noise that frightened me. I stopped to listen and recognized a human voice over in the tall grass. It was Joe Price at prayer. I stood still, not wishing to disturb, and heard a part of his prayer, and I think I can repeat the very words of the old man yet: 'Now, Lor' Jesus, I am 'most at de journey's end. Put on me de white robe of righteousness. Wash my heart all over in de blood.' And then I heard him say: 'Now, 'member de cotton-fields and de corn crops and de old people up at de house. And, O Lor', please bless old massa's little boys; 'member old massa's little boys.' When I heard that I felt like getting down upon my knees beside the old man; for I felt sure that I stood on holy ground. I was sure the words of that old man would reach the ears of him up yonder who could bless 'old massa's little boys.' We saw him die about five months after. My father took us children into his cabin. I heard my father read to him the thirteenth chapter of John, and I heard him bless my father and bid him good-bye. I heard him bless us children. I heard his feeble voice say: 'Now, Lor, Jesus, take me by de han' and help me over de river.' And then he died. Friends, I believe that day the Lord Jesus stooped to the humble cabin of the slave and took Uncle Joe's hand in his and helped him over the river and into Immanuel's land; and if ever I get to heaven, just as sure as I get there, I am going to hunt up old Uncle Joe Price and take his dusky hand in mine and thank him for the prayer he offered for 'old massa's little boys.'"—Christian Educator.

How to Meet an Infidel.

When Maud Ballington Booth was recently asked how she would deal with an infidel, she replied:

"First, I would not argue with him. God is too infinite, too sacred, too real for me to condescend to argue about him. I would show the seeker after light that he had been looking for stars in the mud instead of in the heavens; diving down in the subterranean passages of the earth, making mines to look for the dawning of the morning, instead of climbing the hills, from whence it could naturally first be seen.

"I should make it very clear that God could not be found through books, creeds, notions or theories; but that the soul must seek after him as a being and an influence that could be met and felt only by the earnest heart that goes straight to the root of the matter and appeals with earnest prayer to God himself.

"All the building of his own imagination, all the doubt and the sin would have first to be cast down before any belief could avail him anything.—Ram's Horn.

Don't Make Religion So Serious.

That is the trouble in many a home. The parents are good, honest Christians. They love their children, and are deeply anxious for their salvation, which is all right. They believe in Christ, are assured that the only way of salvation is through faith in him, but, oh, they make their religion so serious. They wear long faces, pray much, but sigh and moan more. To their children they are ever saying: "Johnnie, you mustn't do that, or the bad man will get you. Susie, you must think more of your Bible and less of your hat and nice dress, or you will be proud, and you know the Bible says, 'He knoweth the proud afar off.'" Is it any wonder their children grow up shy of religion; that is, of that serious kind? Religion is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." If you would have others, and especially your children, fall in love with your religion, so live and act and smile and rejoice in your daily life that they will see in you a demonstration of its joy.—Religious Telescope.

Fleeing from Temptation.

The Bible makes the impression plainly that nobody ought to seek to encounter temptation. Nothing is more foolish or dangerous. It besets us at every turn and cannot be wholly avoided. To go out of our way to meet it is to tempt providence, as we sometimes say. To fly from it, when it is possible to avoid it, often is our only certainty of safety. But on the other hand, it sometimes is cowardly to try to avoid it. Many of our greatest moral victories could not have been gained otherwise than by facing it. God sends with it a wise and holy purpose—that by learning how to overcome it human character may be developed from the infantile to the manly, may become sturdy, aggressive, victorious.

Here and There a Gem.

Joys are our wings; sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

A successful writer of the present day, being asked to what source he owed his literary style, replied: "The source of my 'style,' as you are pleased to term it, is the Bible. I began reading that earlier than I can remember. Nothing has taken hold of my heart and soul like the Bible." This is not the first man who has thus paid tribute to the terse and beautiful old-fashioned English of the Bible of 1611.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country—the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.

They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.
So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think I see the gleaming strand.

I know, I feel, that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think that but for our veiled eyes
We should find heaven right round us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.

I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.
And so for me there is no sting in death
And so the grave has lost its victory.

A CHINESE VIEW.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, was the orator at the municipal celebration of Independence Day in Philadelphia. The celebration was held at Independence Hall. The Chinese Minister was received with great applause upon being introduced, and his address was listened to with marked attention, every patriotic utterance it contained being loudly applauded. He concluded his address with the following tribute to the United States:

"This nation, it seems to me, has not sprung into existence without a manifest destiny. There must be some noble ends for which the independence of the United States was established. It was to demonstrate to the world what great good to mankind a free and independent people can do; to establish a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people"; to preserve law and order; to treat all people alike with fairness and justice; to do away with selfish and clannish feeling; to make American patriotism synonymous with fair play, with love of mankind, with freedom and liberty in accordance with law and justice. By pursuing these great ends this republic will become the greatest power upon the earth, and you citizens of this great country will be more than ever respected and loved by all—The Christian Advocate.

We all intend when young to be all that may become a man before the destroyer cuts us down. We wish and expect to enjoy poetry always, to grow more and more intelligent about pictures and music, to keep in touch with spiritual and religious ideas, and even not to let the great philosophic thoughts of our time develop quite beyond our view. We mean all this in youth, and yet in how many middle-aged men and women is such an honest and sanguine expectation fulfilled? Surely, in comparatively few, and the laws of habit show us why. We forget that every good that is worth possessing must be paid for in strokes of daily effort. We postpone and postpone until those smiling possibilities are dead. Whereas ten minutes a day of poetry, of spiritual reading, or meditation, and an hour or two a week at music, pictures, or philosophy, provided we began now and suffered no remission, would, in due time, give us the fullness of all we desire. By neglecting the necessary concrete labor, by sparing ourselves the little daily tax, we are positively digging the graves of our higher possibilities. —Professor William James.

Want is a fruit of the fall. Christ's work aims at a restoration of the original plenty, and a redemption from all the fruits of the curse in his kingdom.—Jacobus.

THE PRESIDENT'S SECRET.

A member of the Cabinet in Washington has been talking about President McKinley, and the apparent ease with which he carries his tremendous burdens. This is what he says in explanation:

"His secret consists in refusing to let things worry him. By this I do not mean that he is not sometimes annoyed, but he never lets his feelings pass that stage. It is as if he carried the troublesome things of life in a bag; when night comes he simply draws the puckering-strings, and the mouth of the bag is closed, and he can use it as a pillow if he chooses, without any fear that the things inside will get out to disturb him till morning. One might almost fancy him a fatalist, with his perfect content to recognize the inevitable and face it without a murmur.

St. Paul once said: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." The knowing how to do this was not an original endowment of the great apostle. In the school of weariness and patience he had learned contentment, not all at once, but by degrees. So with the men who carry burdens everywhere, without falling under them. Doing their best, they are able to leave the rest.—The Church Standard.

Use this world, but desire heaven.—Thomas a Kempis.

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THE GHOST

Of our boyhood resolved itself to an old tree when we had courage to examine it. Manhood has its ghosts, which, to the man who has courage to confront them, prove to be as harmless as the ghosts of boyhood. One of the ghosts which scare a great many people is the ghost of lung disease. But experience shows this ghost to be very harmless. In cases almost innumerable "weak" lungs have been made strong, obstinate coughs stopped, and bronchial affections cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And these cures have been wrought in many cases after the doctor had said—"There is no help for you." Don't give in to the superstition of a past age. Give the "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial. It always helps. It almost always cures.

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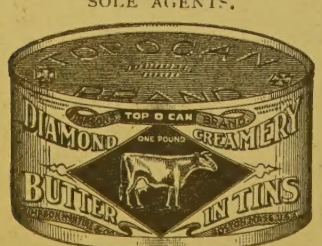

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Friendship.

In every pure, true, worthy friend whom God gives to us, he sends to us something of his own love and grace. One writes in recognition of a new blessing God has sent—

" God never loved me in so sweet a way before;
'Tis he alone who can such blessings send;
And when his love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me, and said, "Behold a friend!"

It would add much to the sacredness of our friendships if we thought of them in this way—that in them God is mercifully sending us new gifts of his grace. If we always had this lofty conception of the ministry of friendship, it would make us ever reverent and thoughtful as we touch the lives of others, ever careful to be God's messenger indeed, and to wait at his feet for the gift which he would send by us to our friend.

The Christian thought of all life is that of service and helpfulness. We should always be means of grace to others. Every one who touches us should get from us some good, some encourgament, some cheer, some incitement to righteousness, some quickening of life—

" May every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mist,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

Wherever love is, love that is kindled at the heart of God, there is always the desire to serve. This may not be the ordinary conception. When we wish for friends, it is probable that we have in mind those who shall be friends to us, bringing into our life help, happiness, enjoyment, comfort. But Christian love is not an earthborn passion—it has its source in Jesus Christ; it is the love of God shed abroad in our heart, and this love "seeketh not its own." The Christian conception is not of having a friend, but of being a friend; not of being ministered unto, but of ministering.

The privilege of laboring is to me more and more precious. I would not choose the spot; I would not choose the circumstance. To be able to do something is a privilege of which I am altogether unworthy.—Mary Lyons.

Rest your arms a little; just a week or two. Wash with PEARLINE—soak, boil, rinse the clothes—just as directed. Then go back to the old way—soap and hard rubbing on washboard, if you are willing. In any case you are better off—you are rested, and the life of the clothes is spared just that much. 640

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